



all new

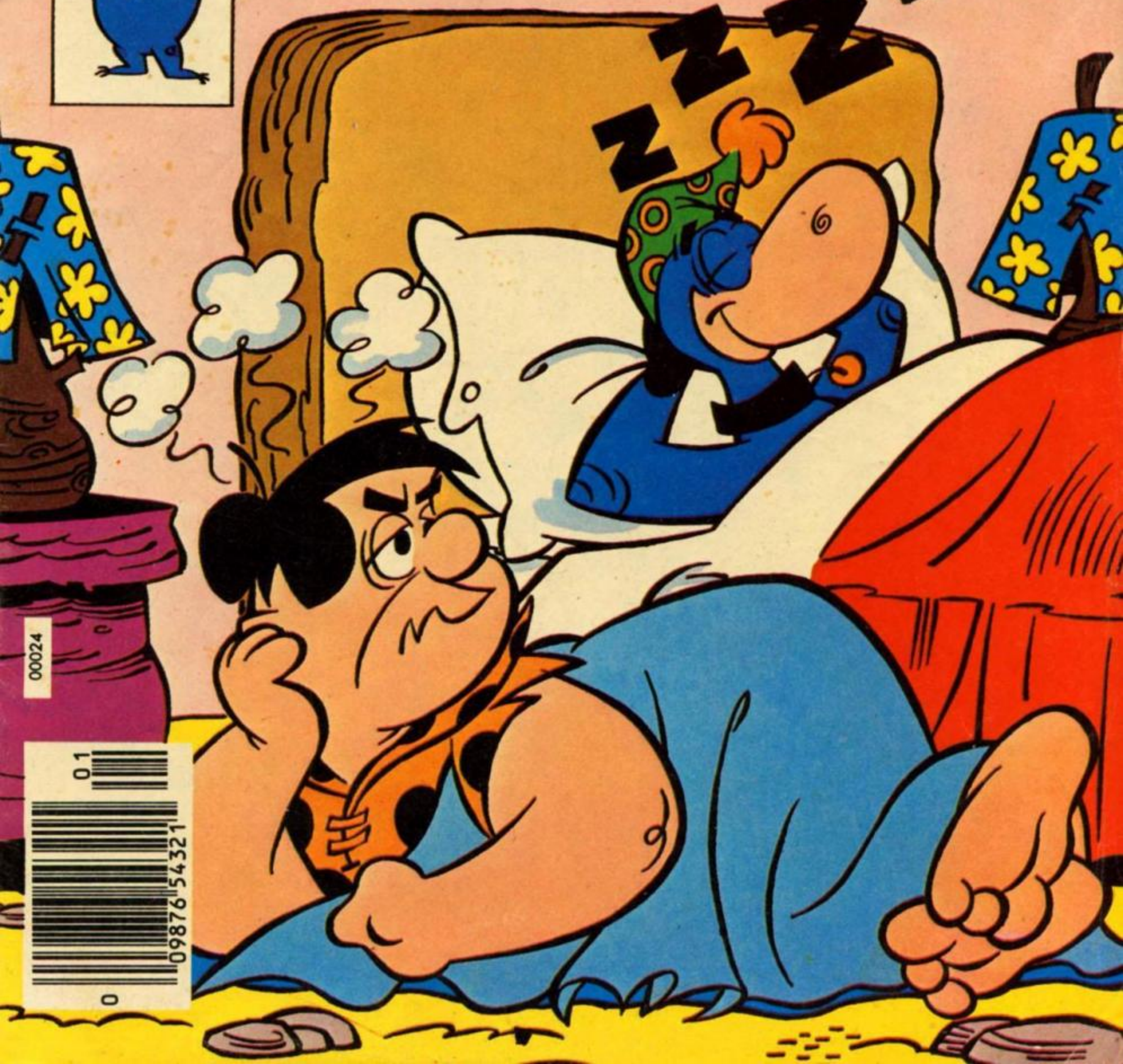


The FLINTSTONES STARRING

DINO

a Hanna-Barbera
Production

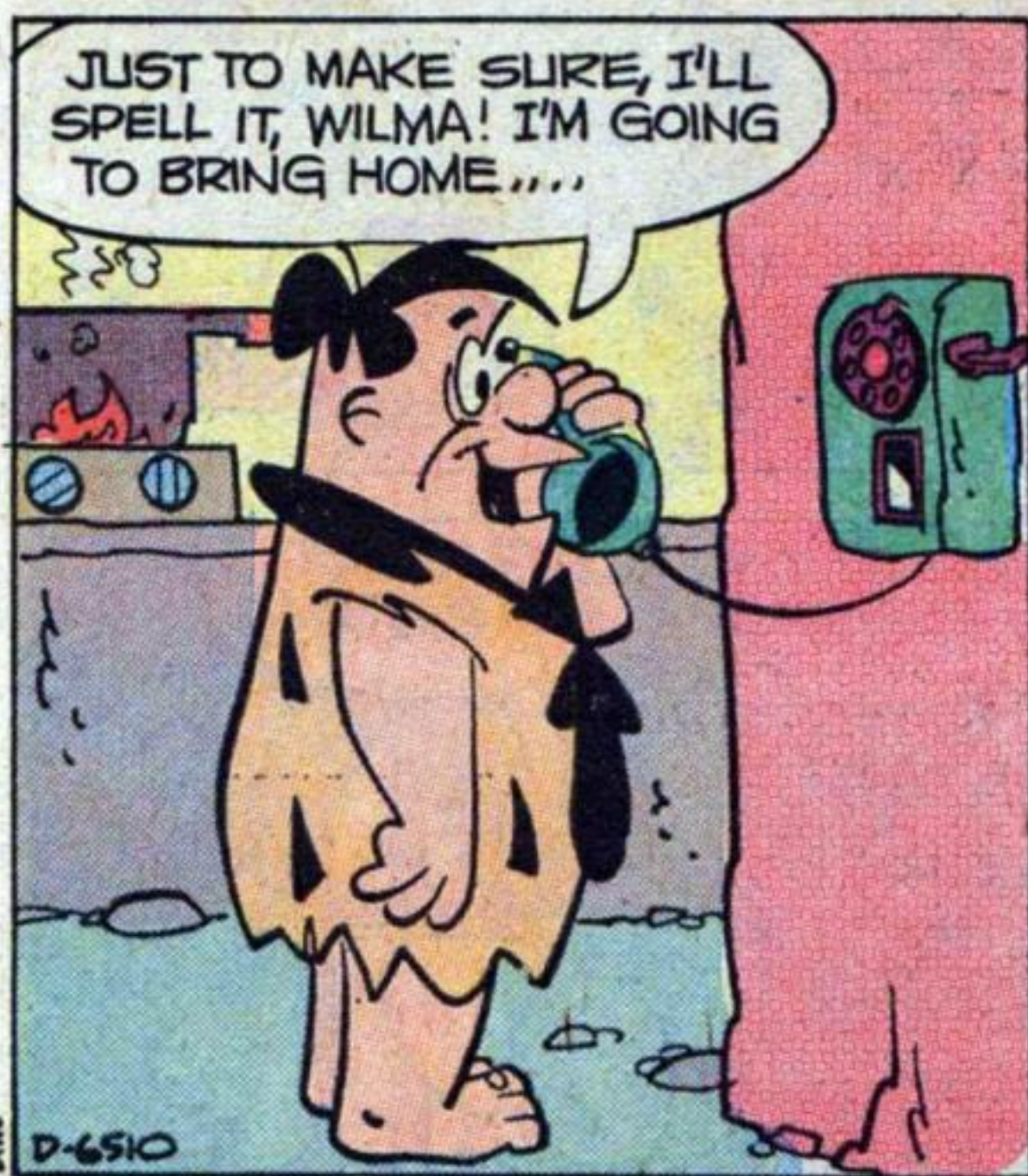
ZZZZ



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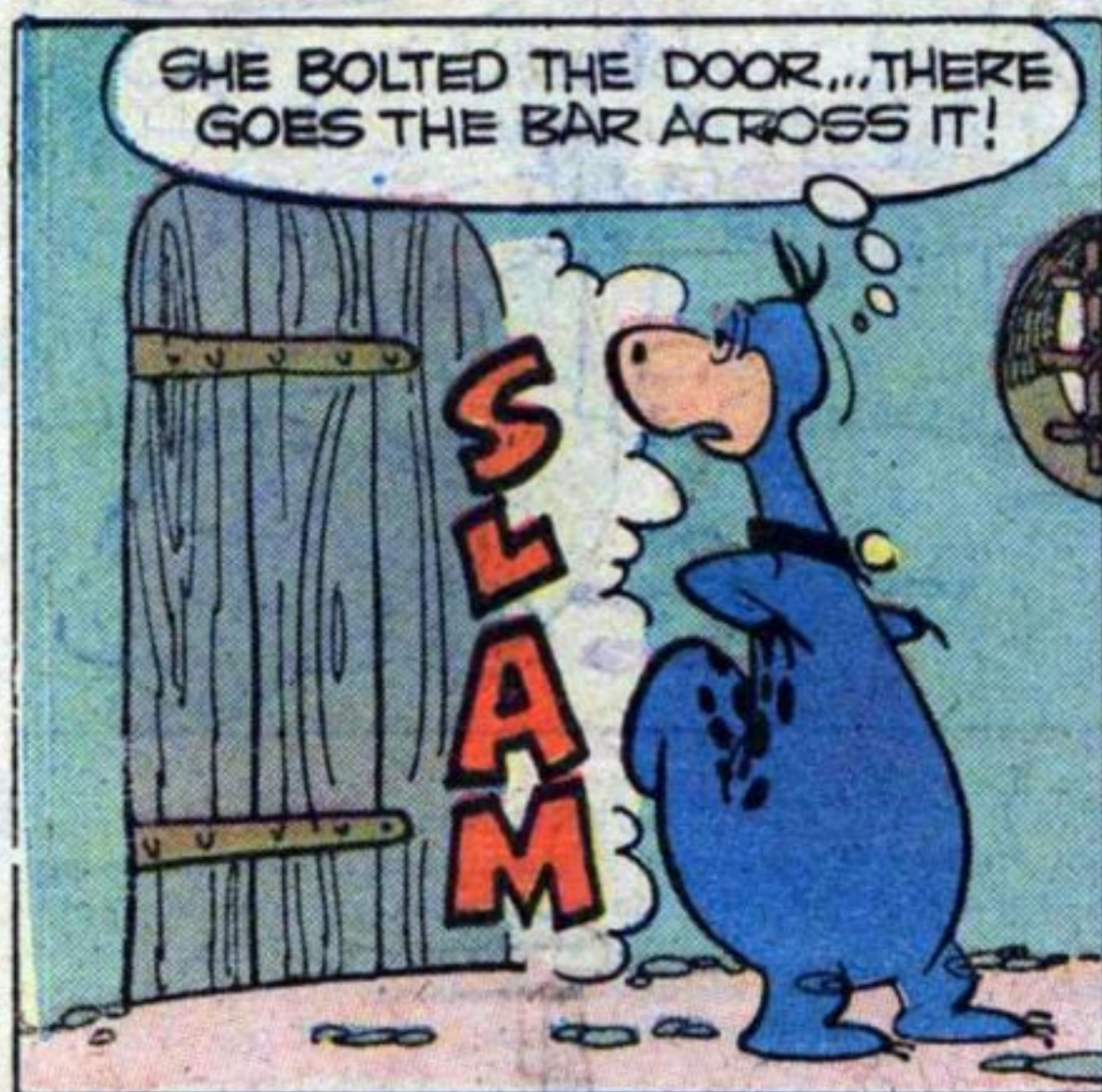
DINO in "PIZZA PIRATE"

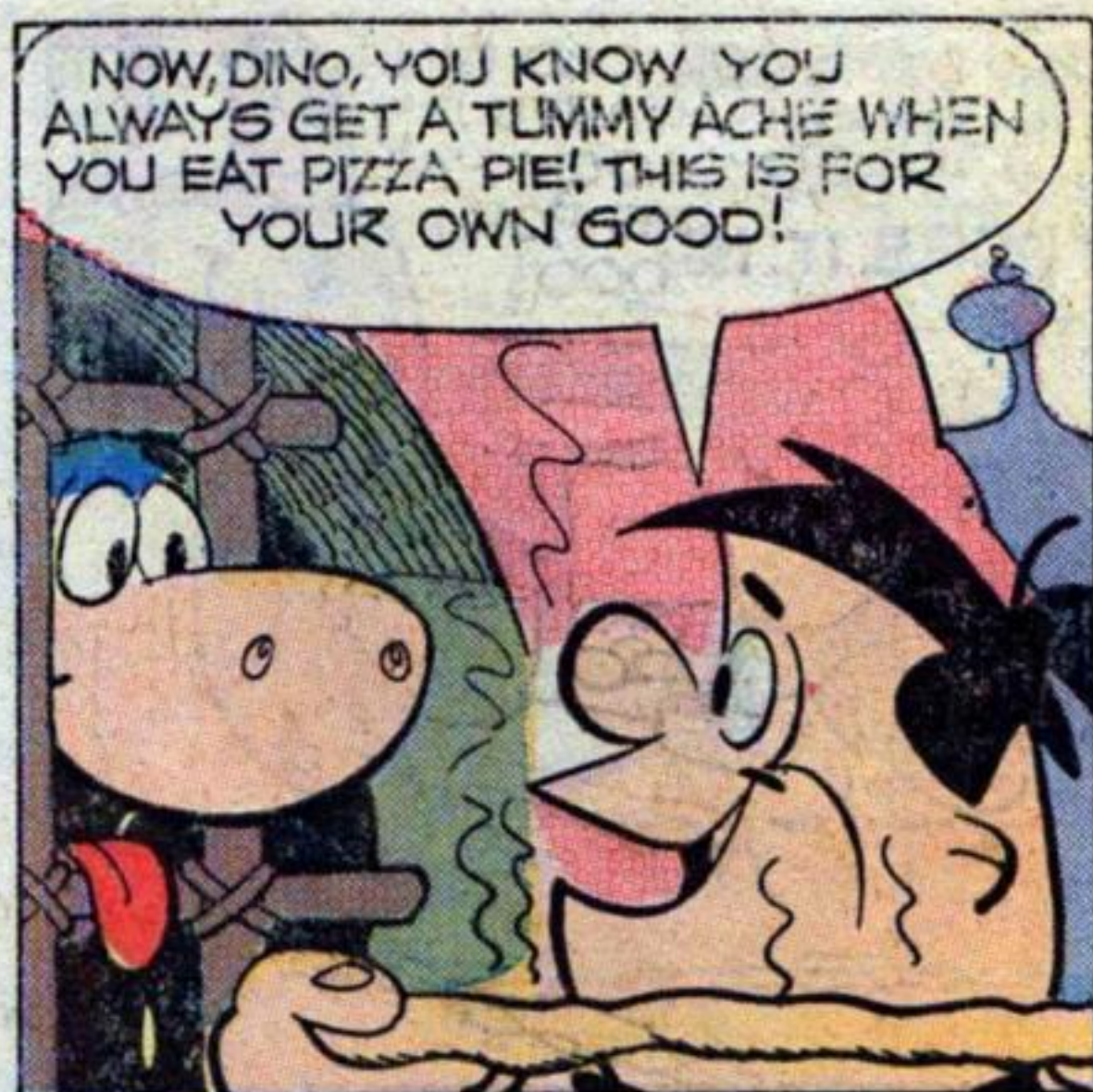


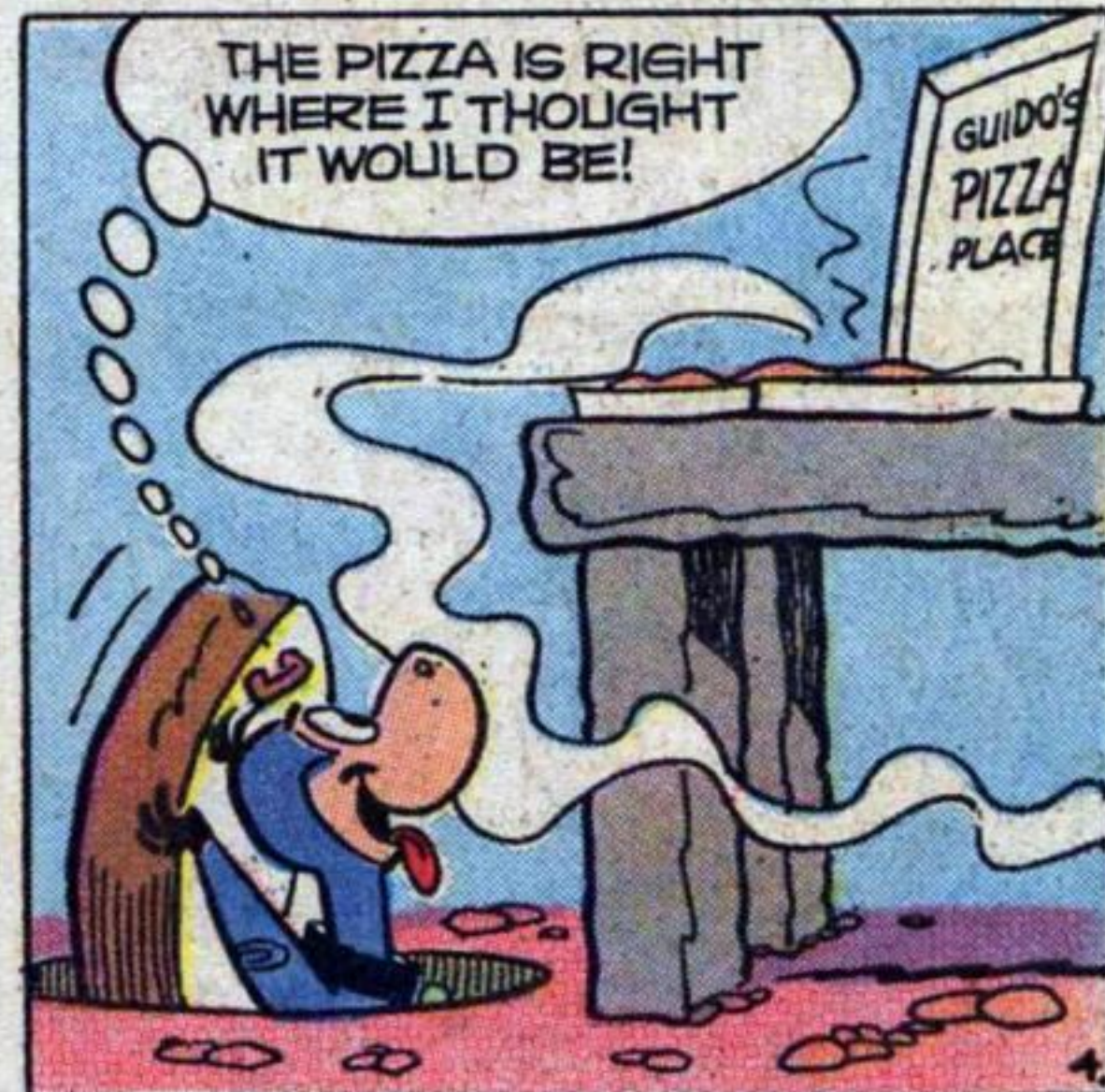
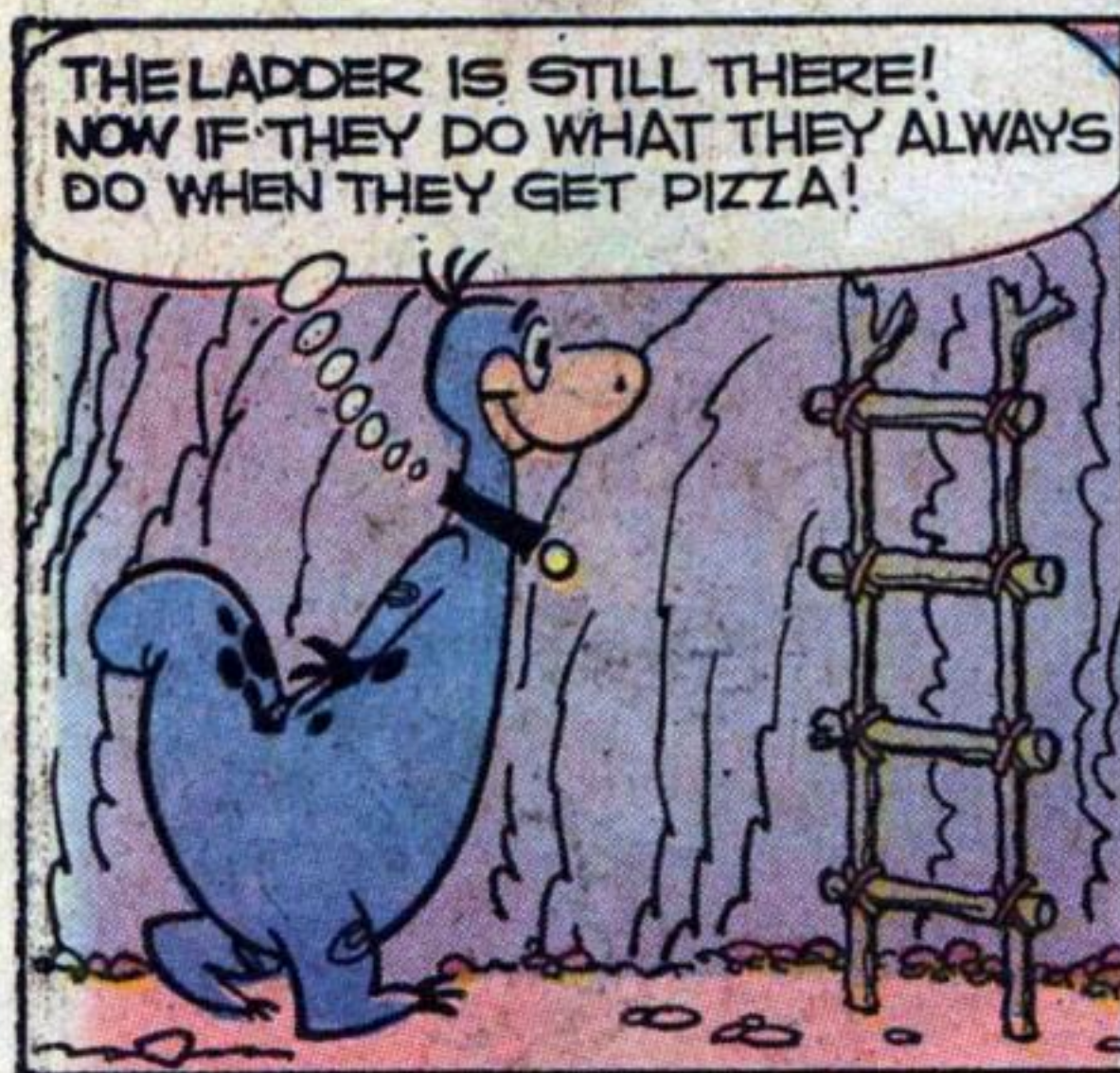
DINO

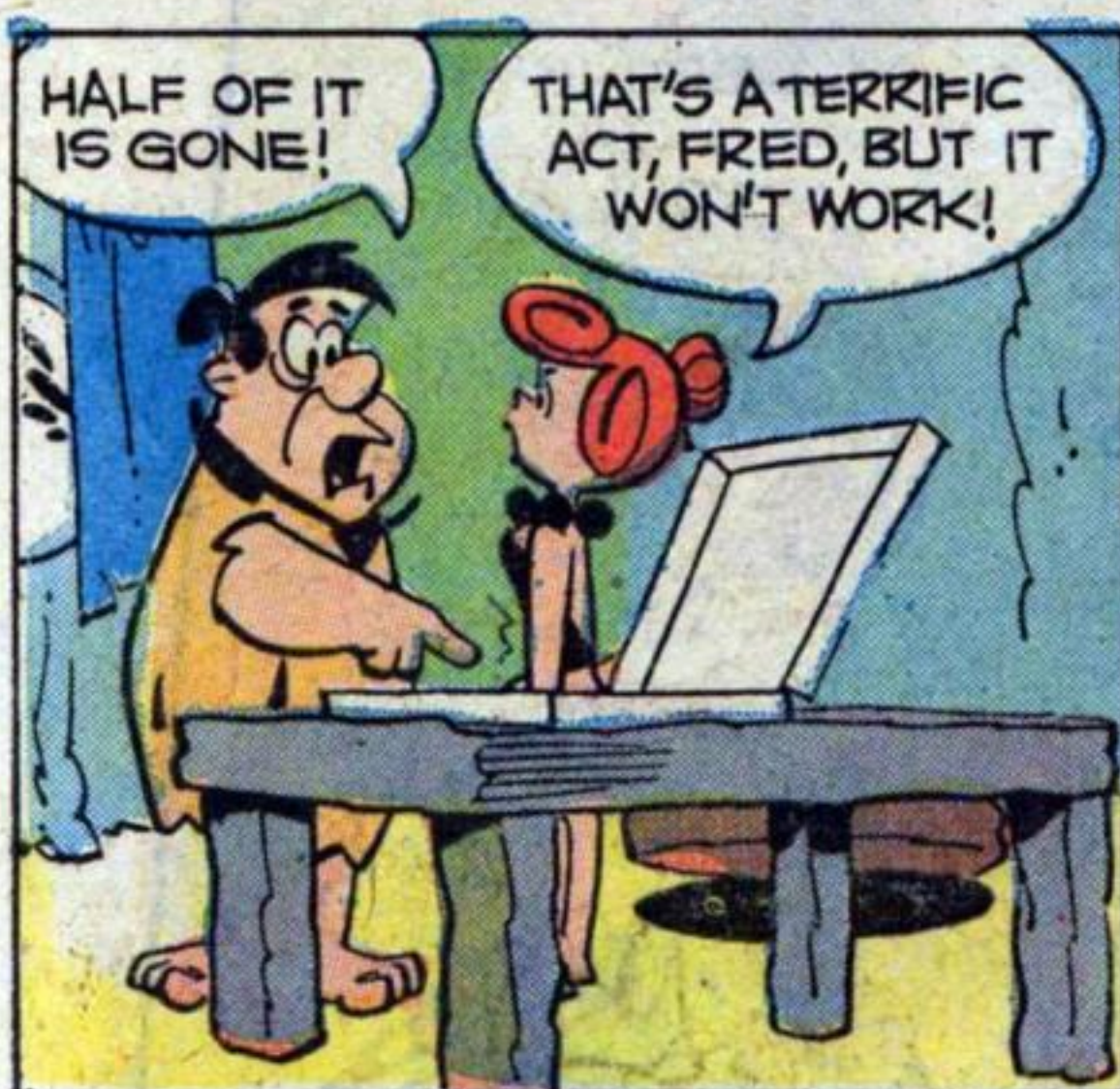
DINO Vol. 4, No. 16, May, 1976,

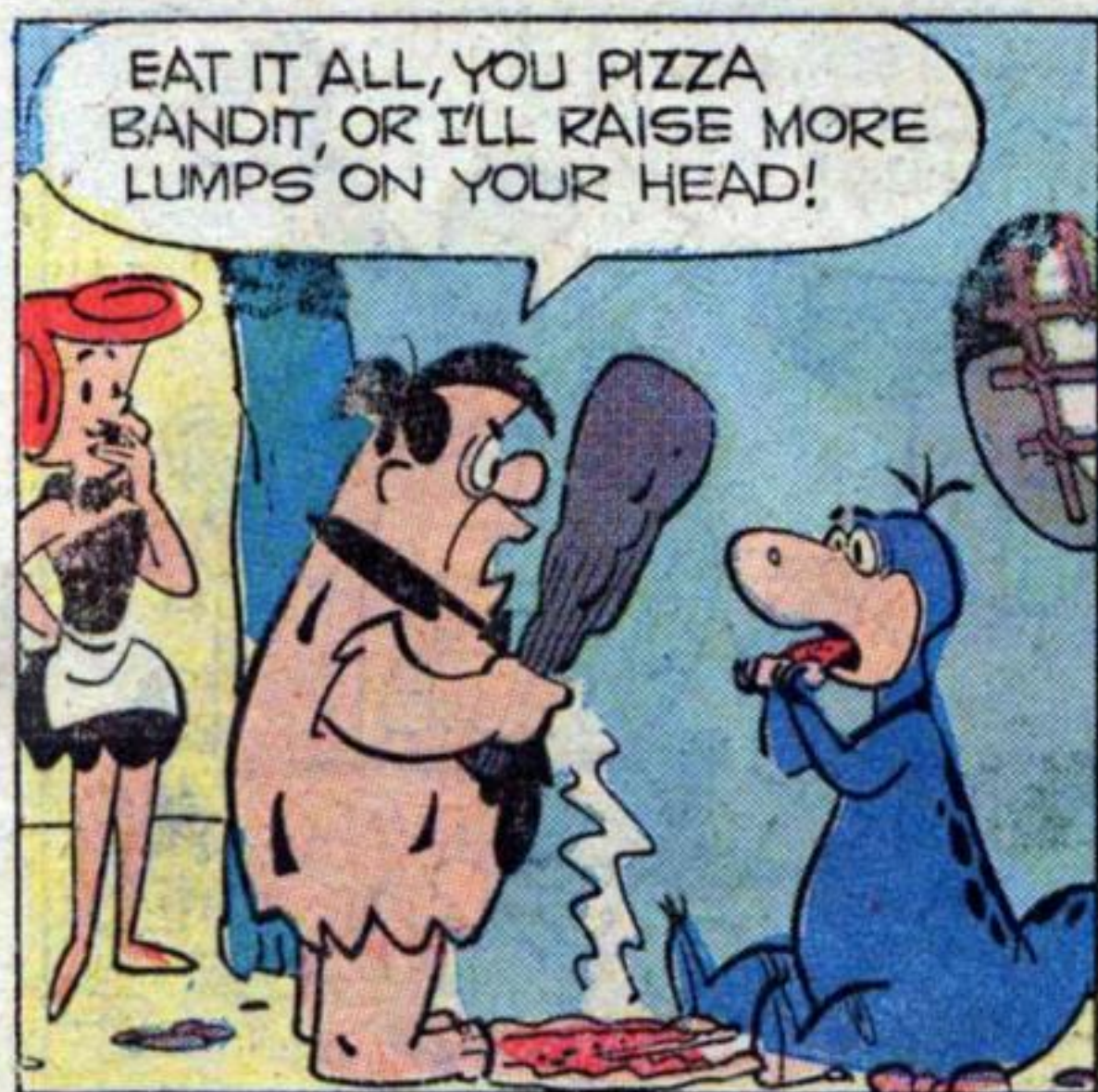
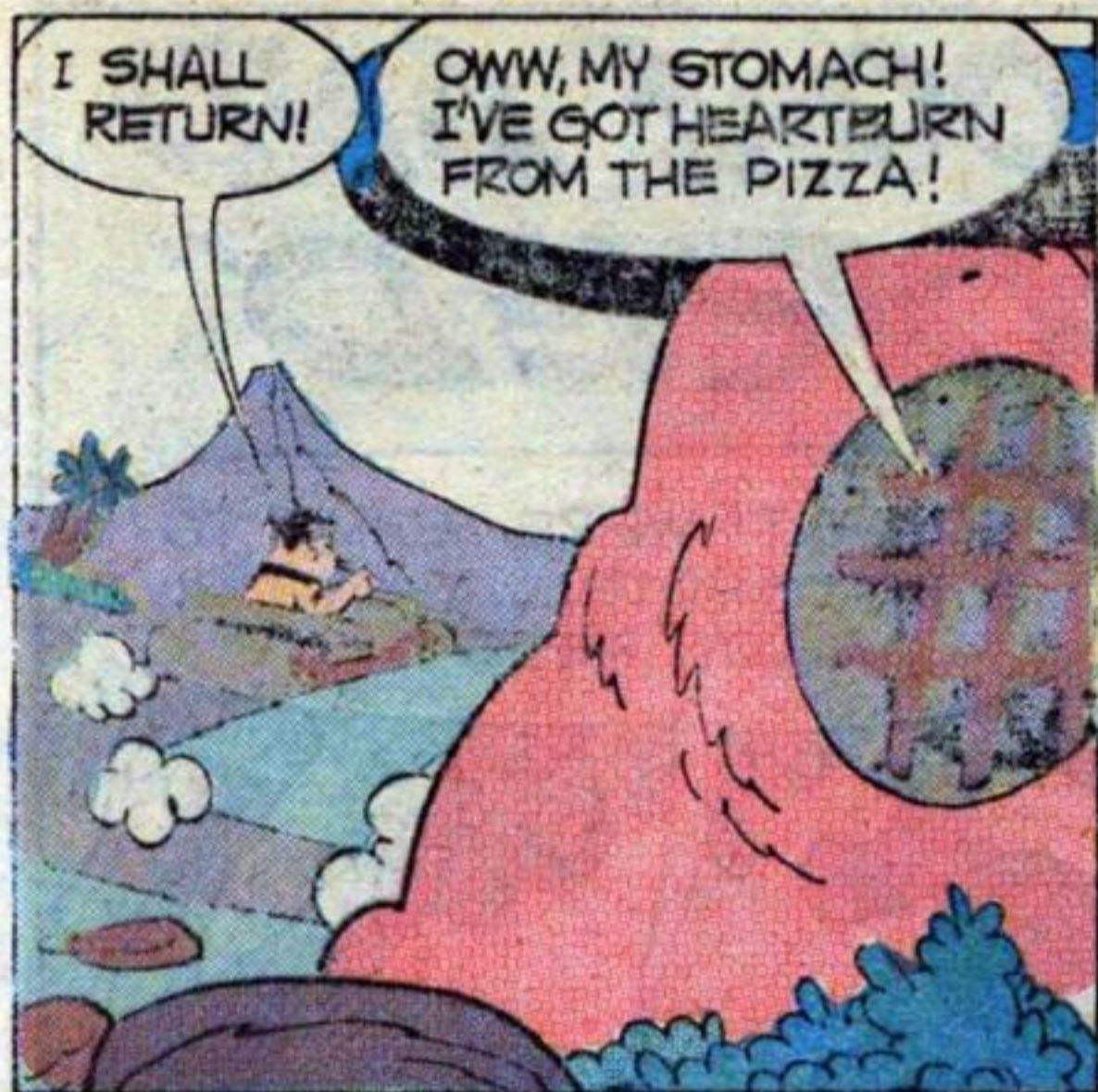
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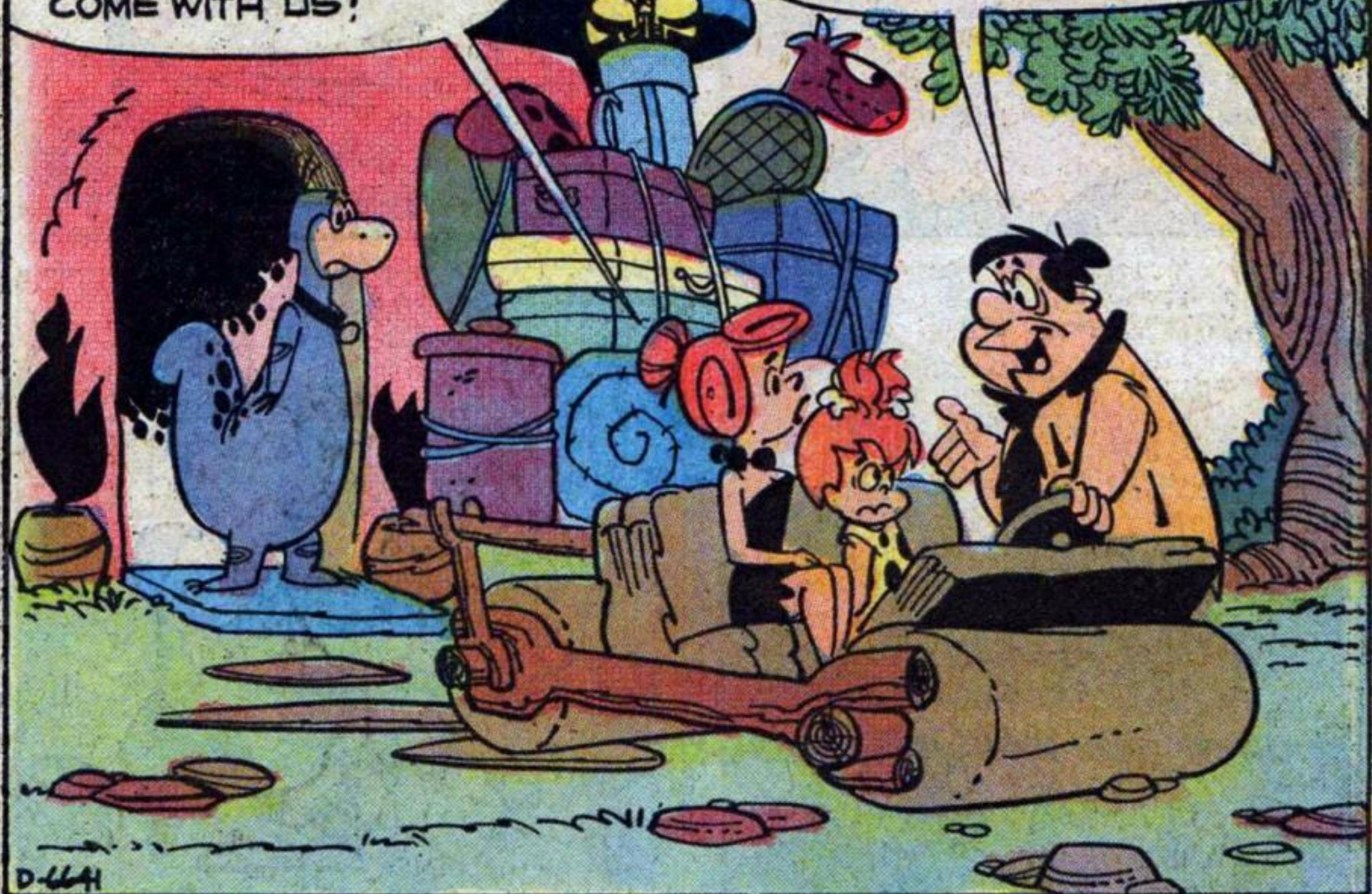


DINO

"ROOM AND BORED"

WE'RE ALL PACKED, FRED,, BUT WE HAVEN'T TOLD DINO HE CAN'T COME WITH US!

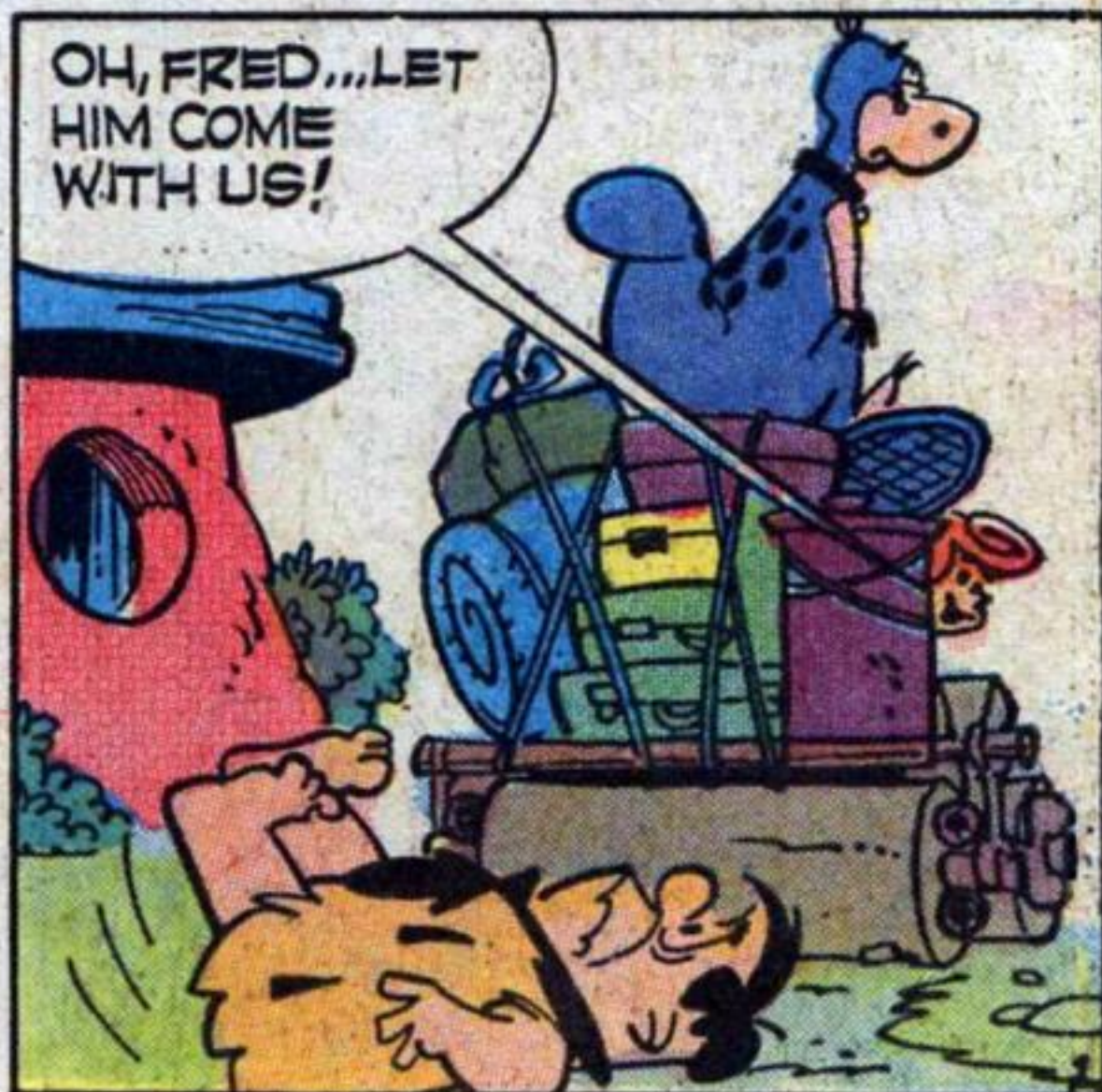
SO WHAT? WE'RE GOING TO A RITZY HOTEL...THEY DON'T ALLOW PETS!

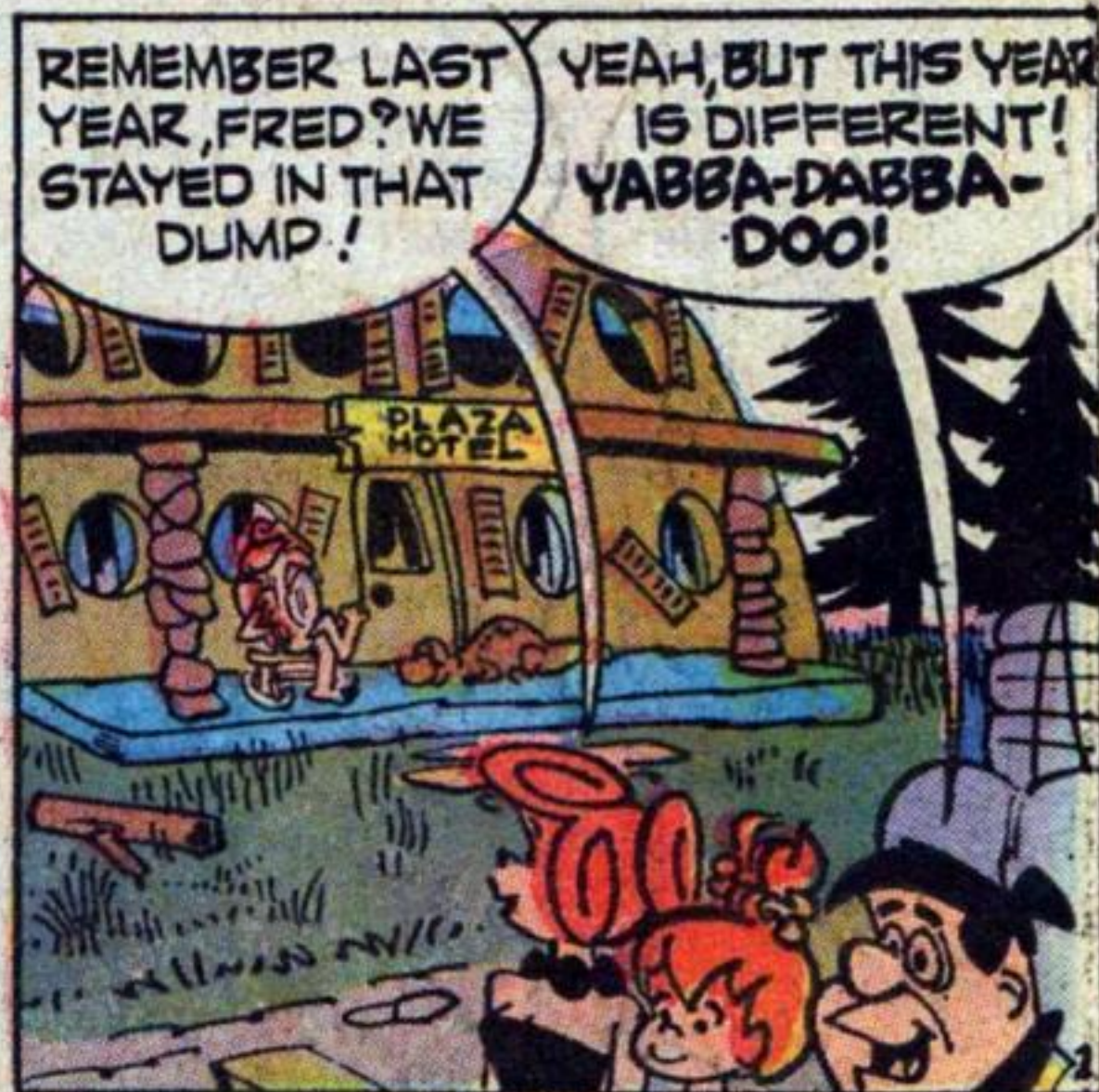
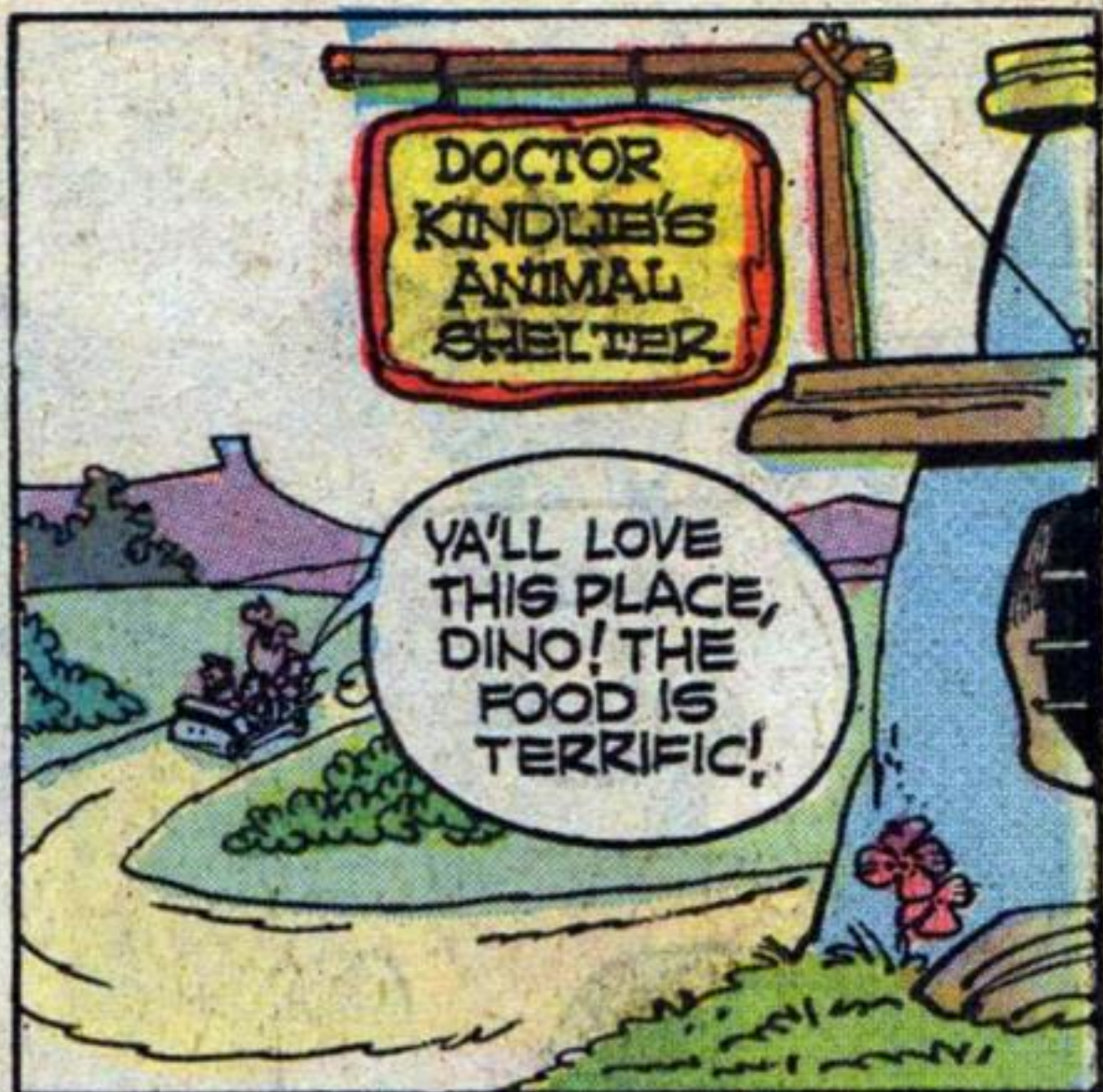


IT'S A FAMILY VACATION! I'M A MEMBER OF THE FAMILY!

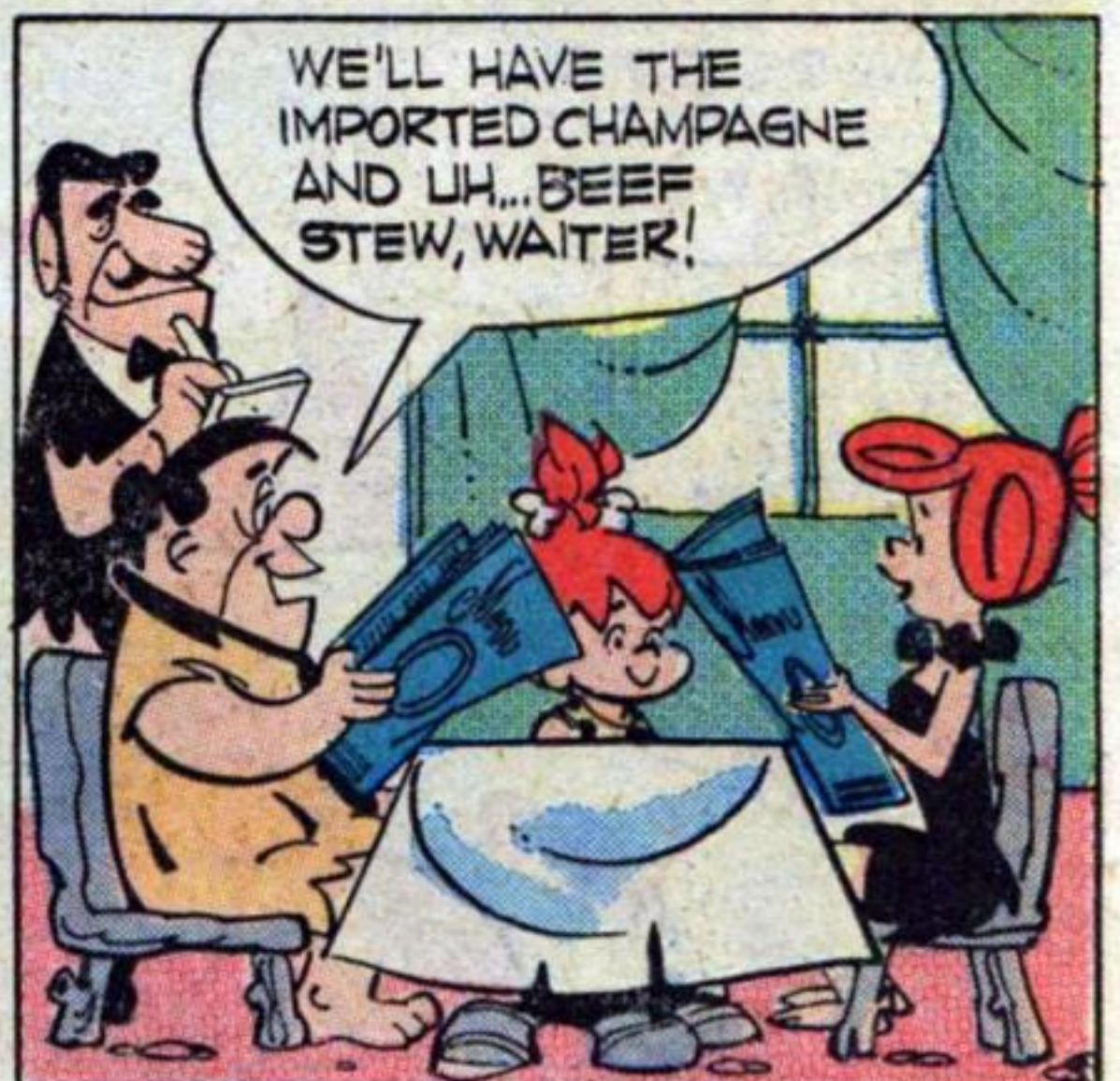
C'MON, DINO, DON'T GIMME A HARD TIME!

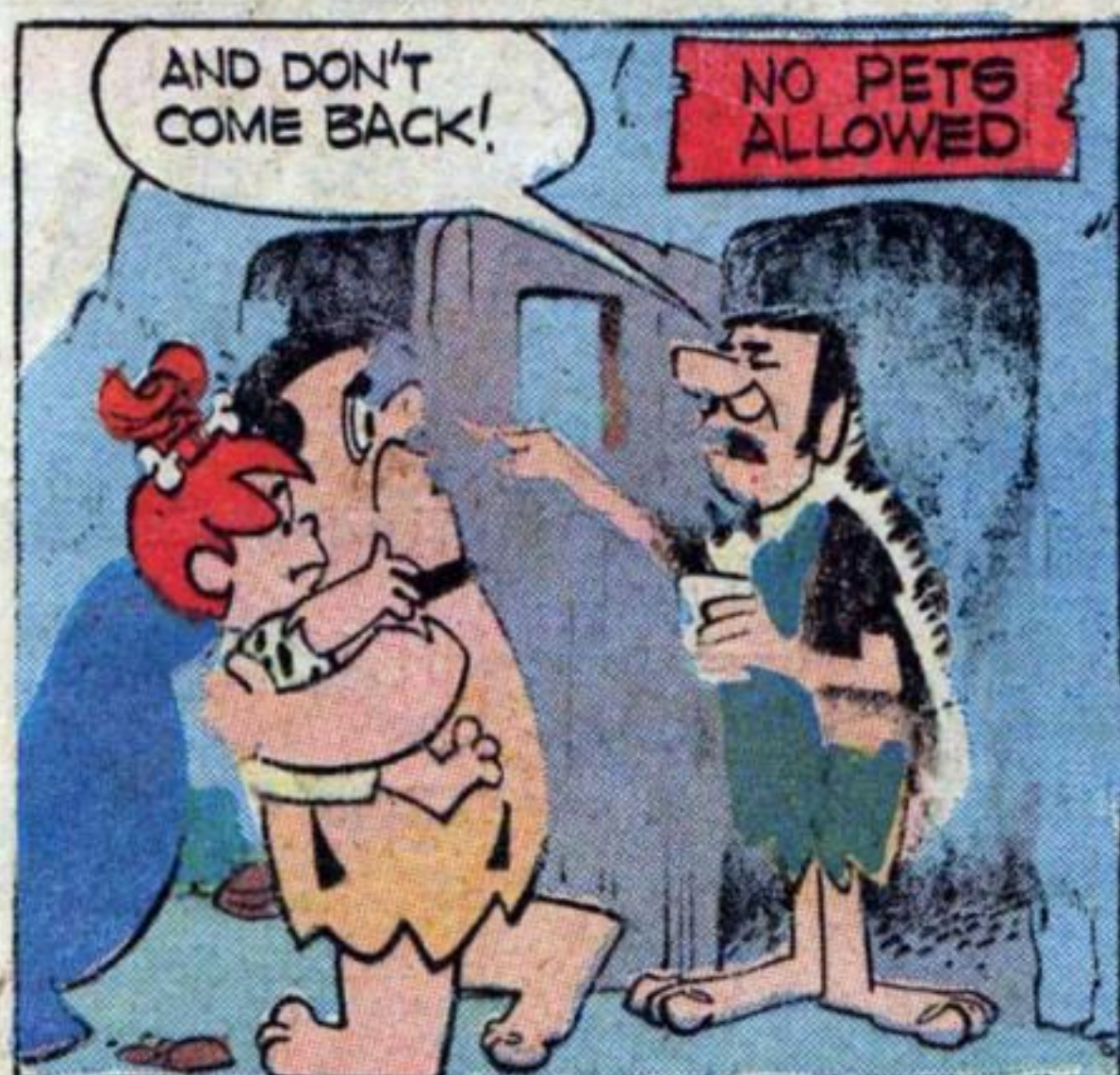
OH, FRED,,,LET HIM COME WITH US!





MEANWHILE

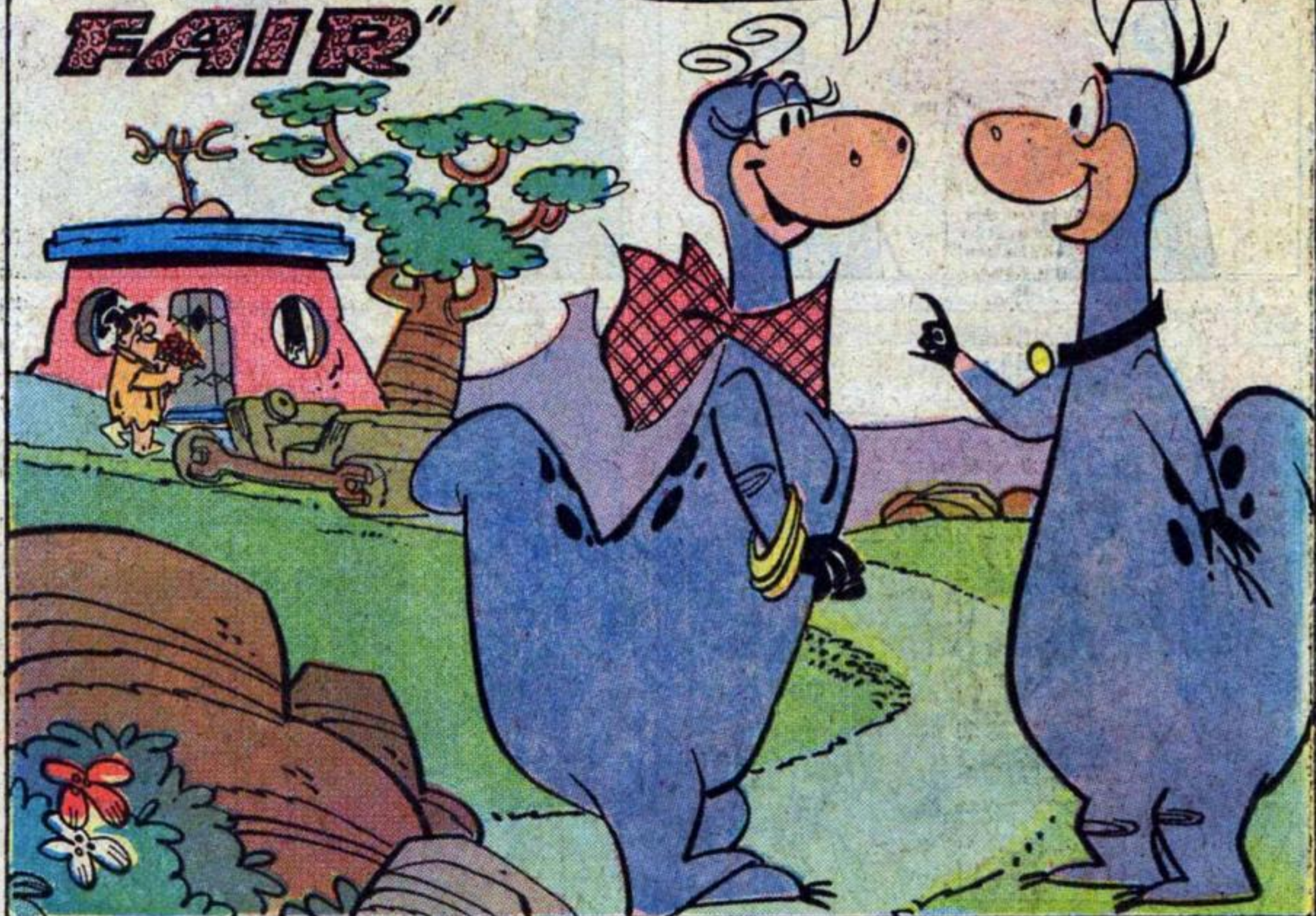


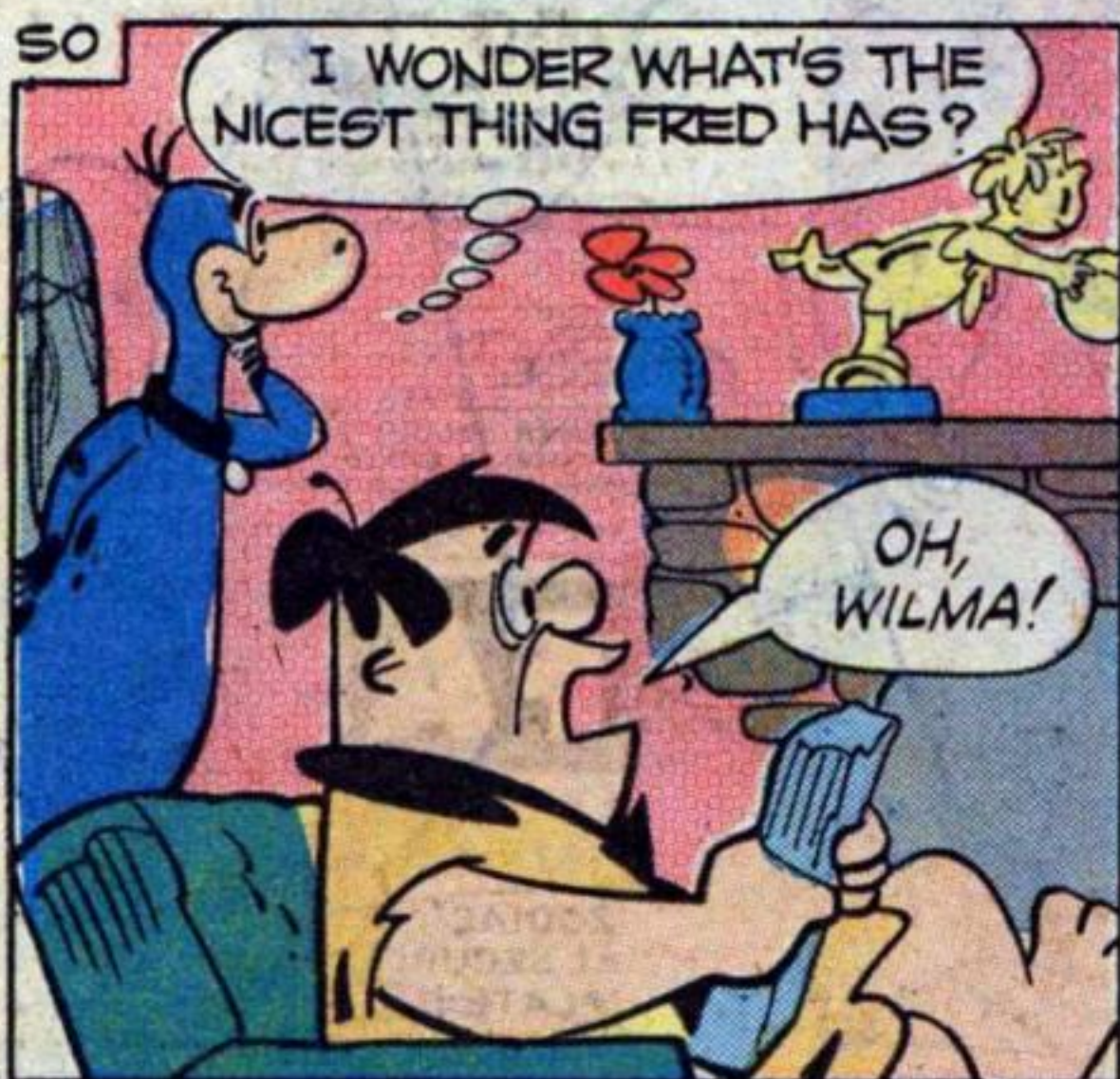


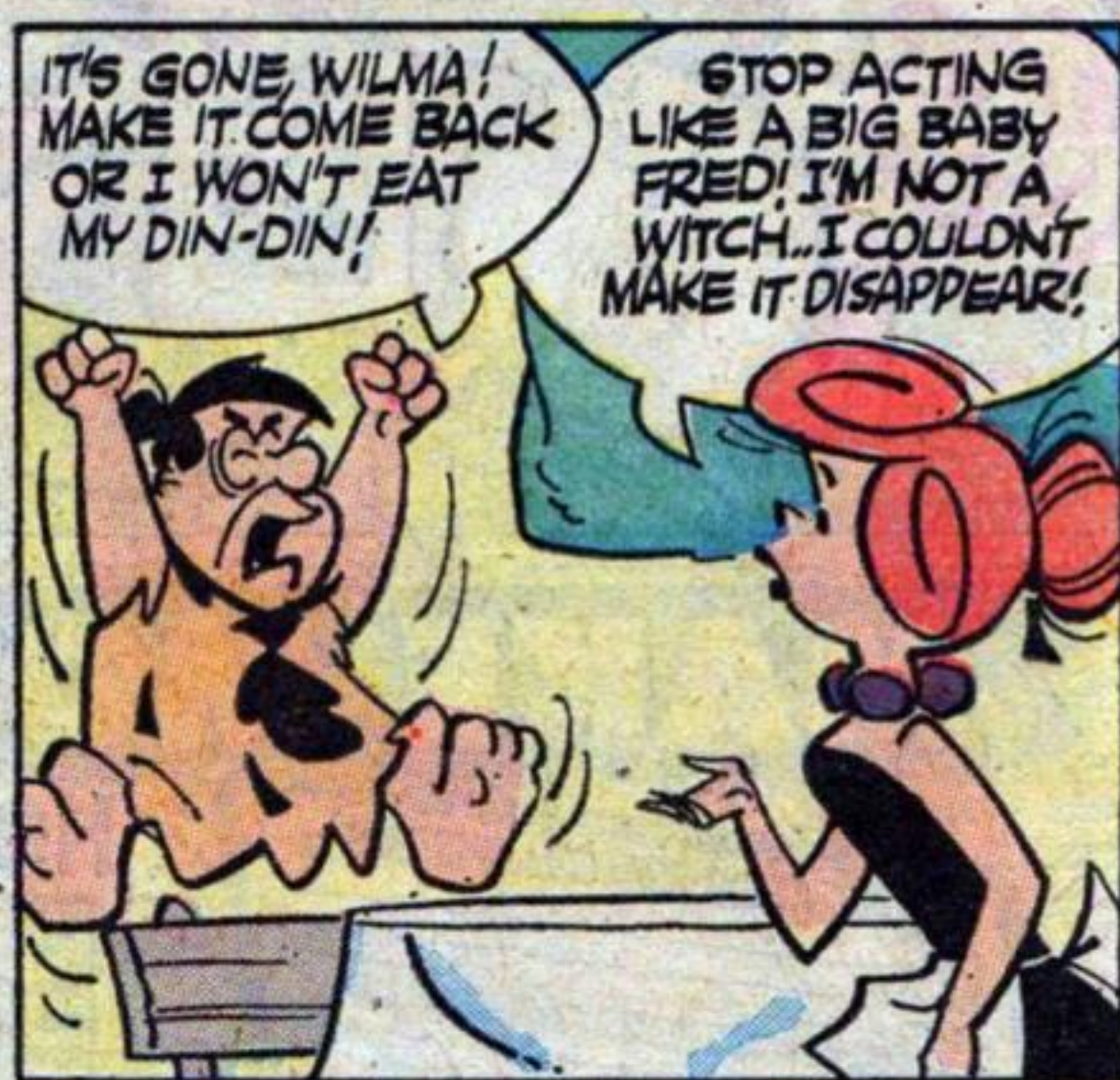
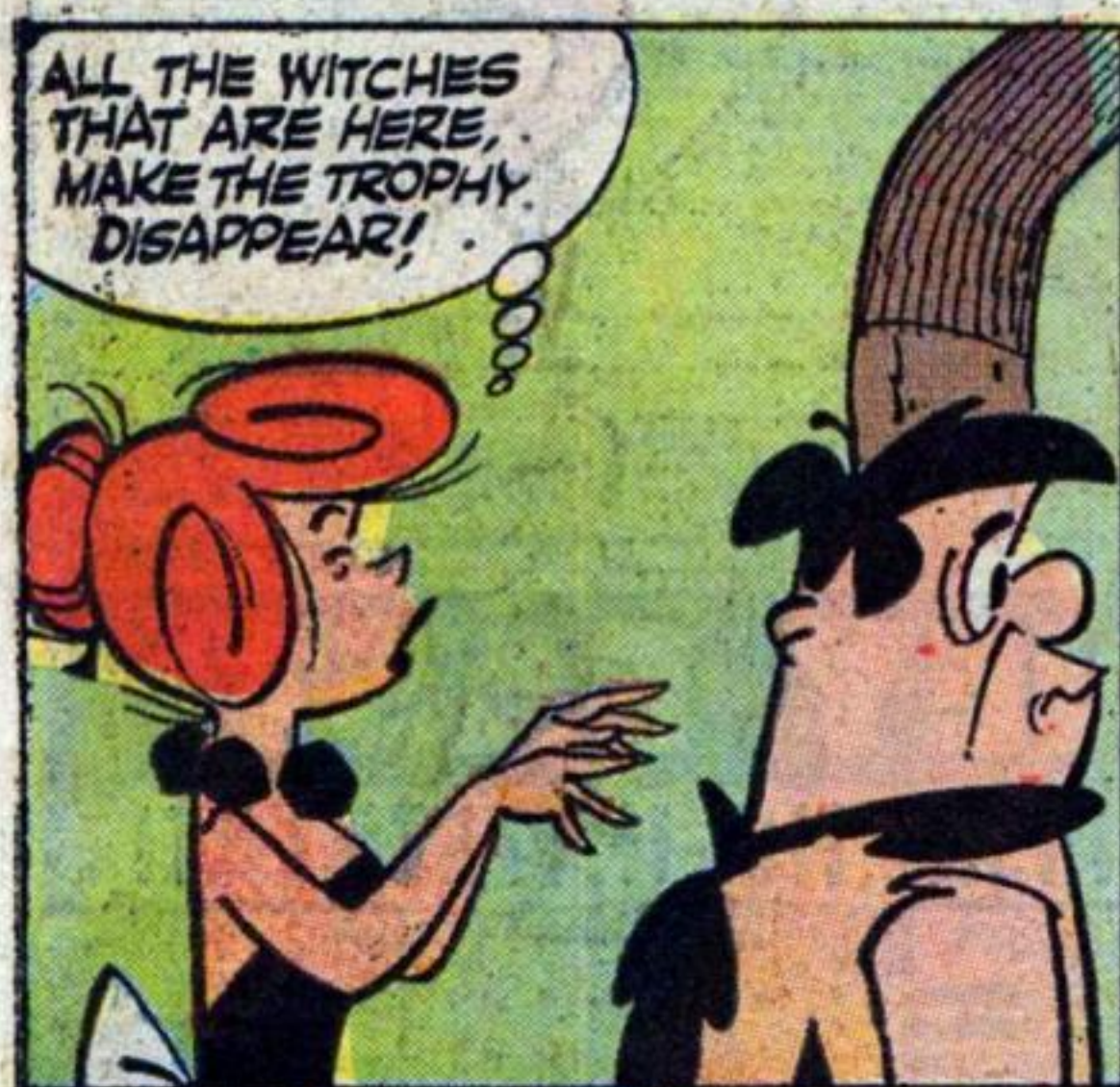
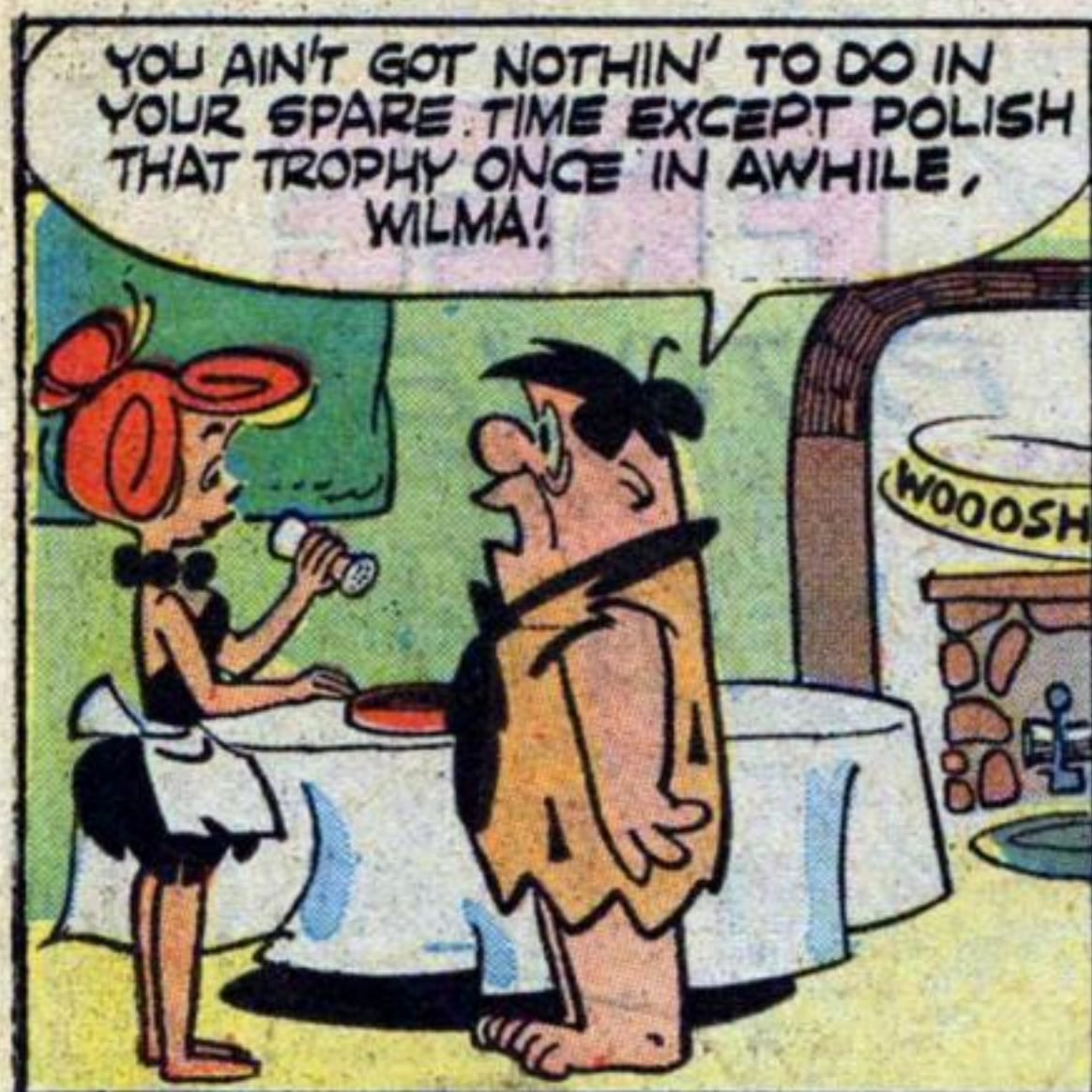
DINO

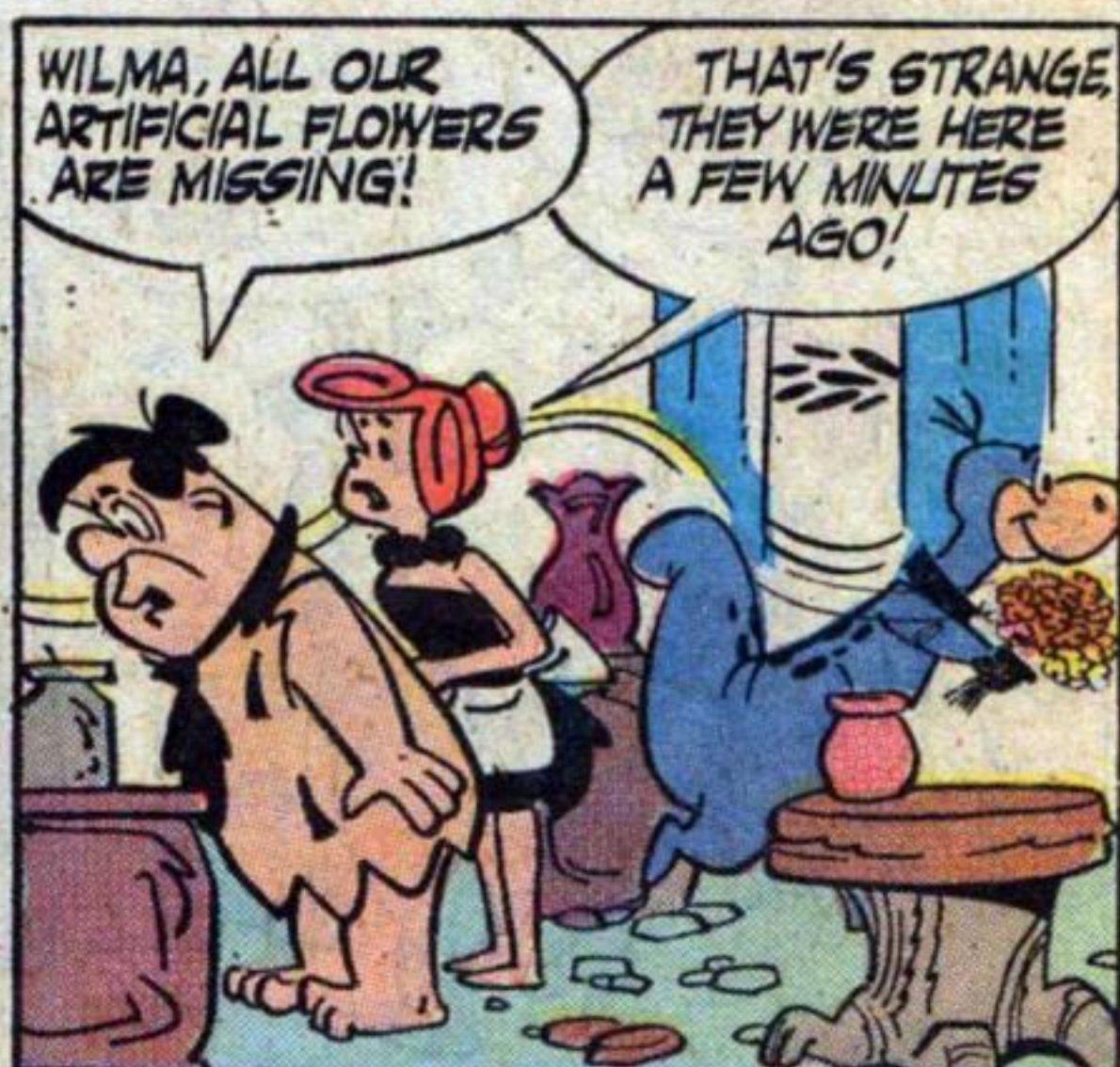
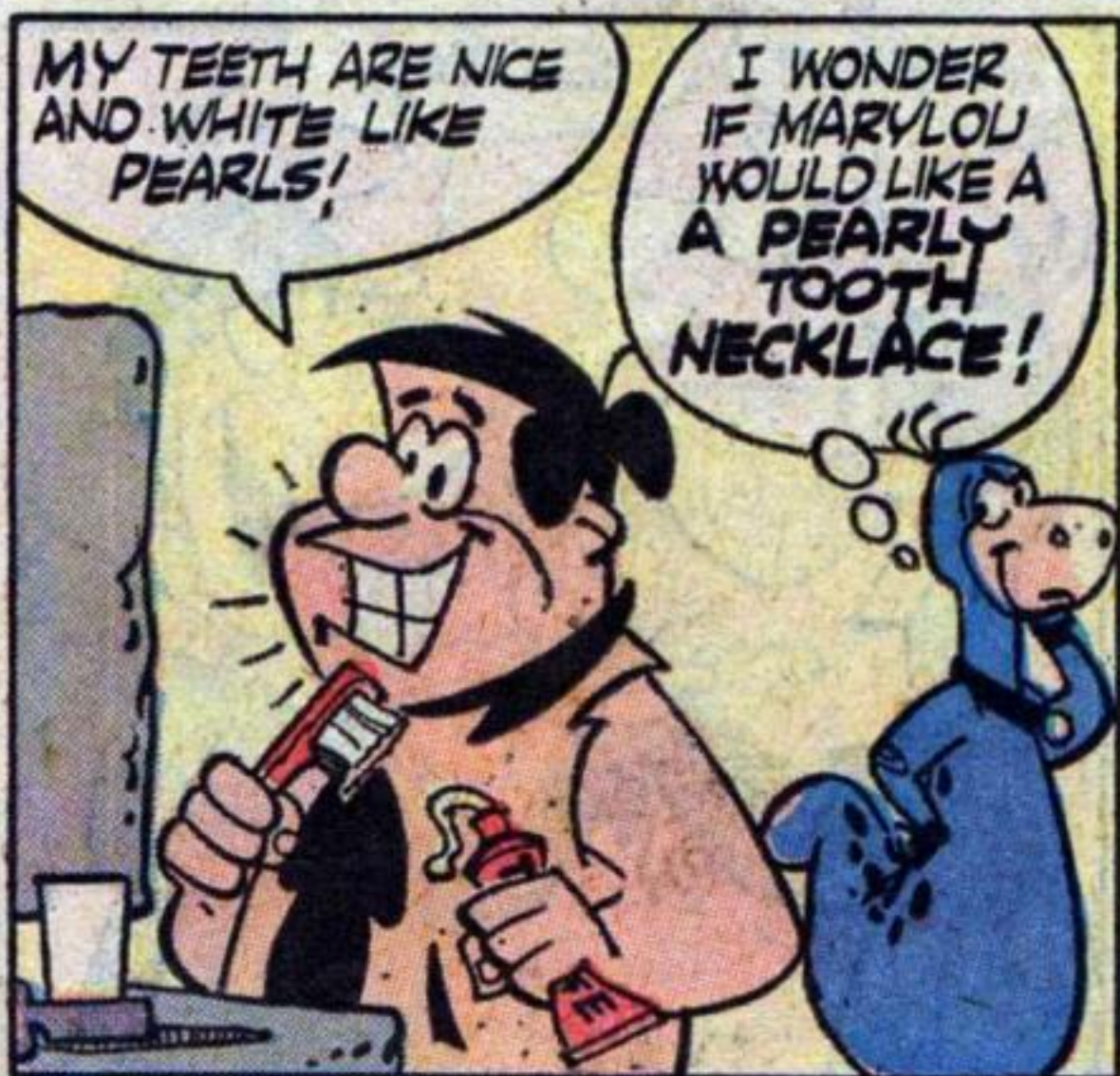
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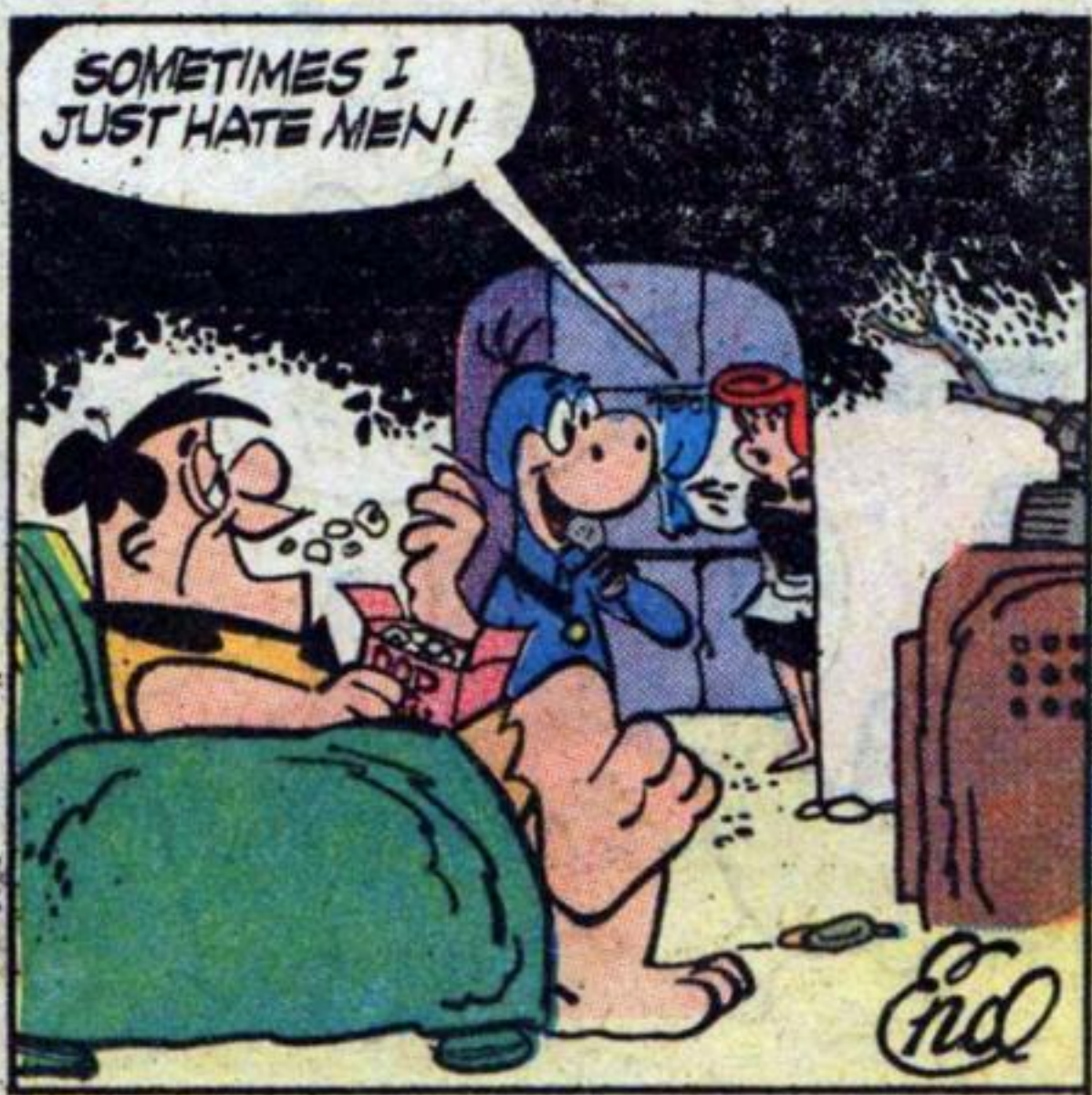
"FLOWERS FOR THE FAIR"





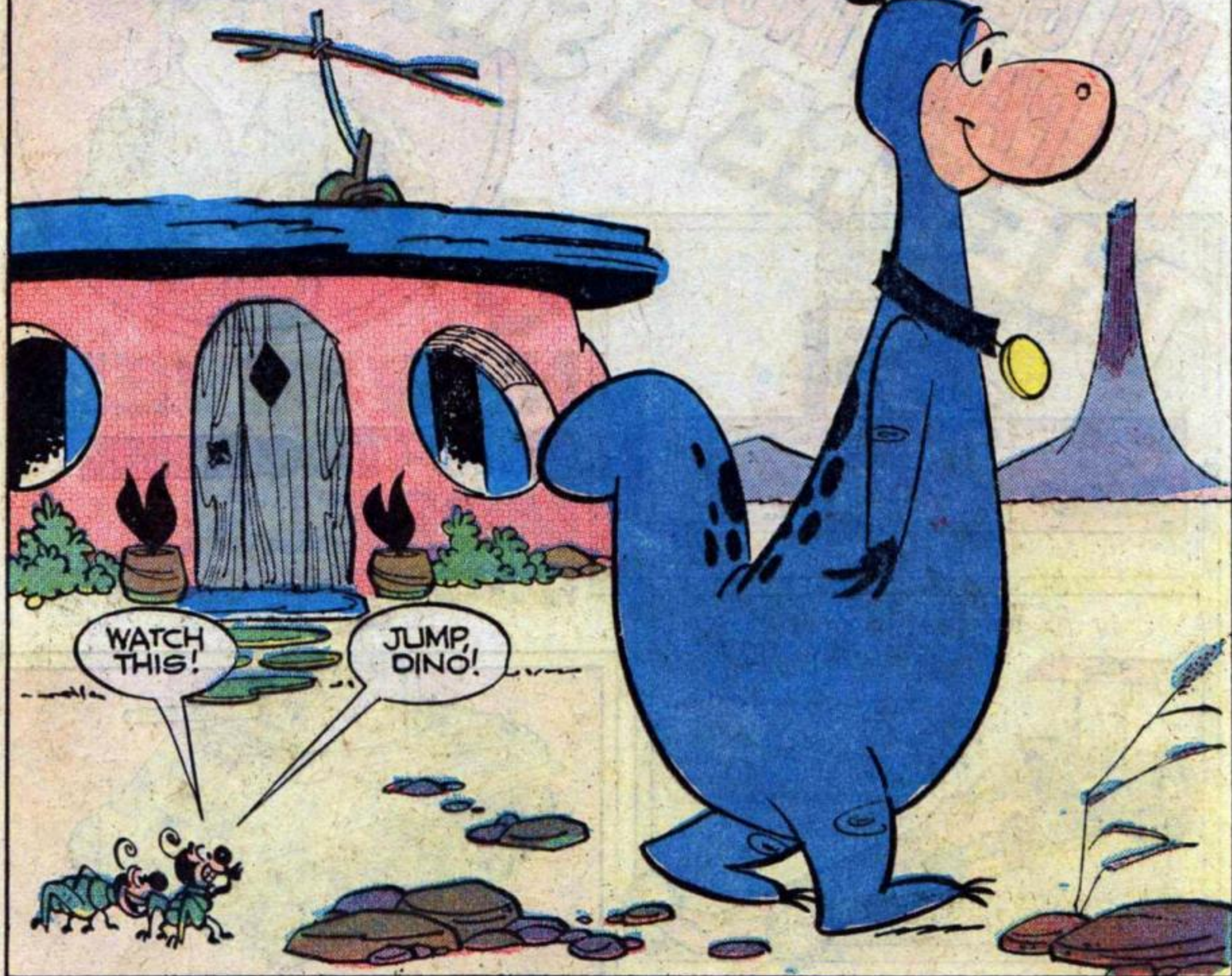






DINO

THE in "PERFORMER"



DINO

THE "FREEDOM FIGHTERS"

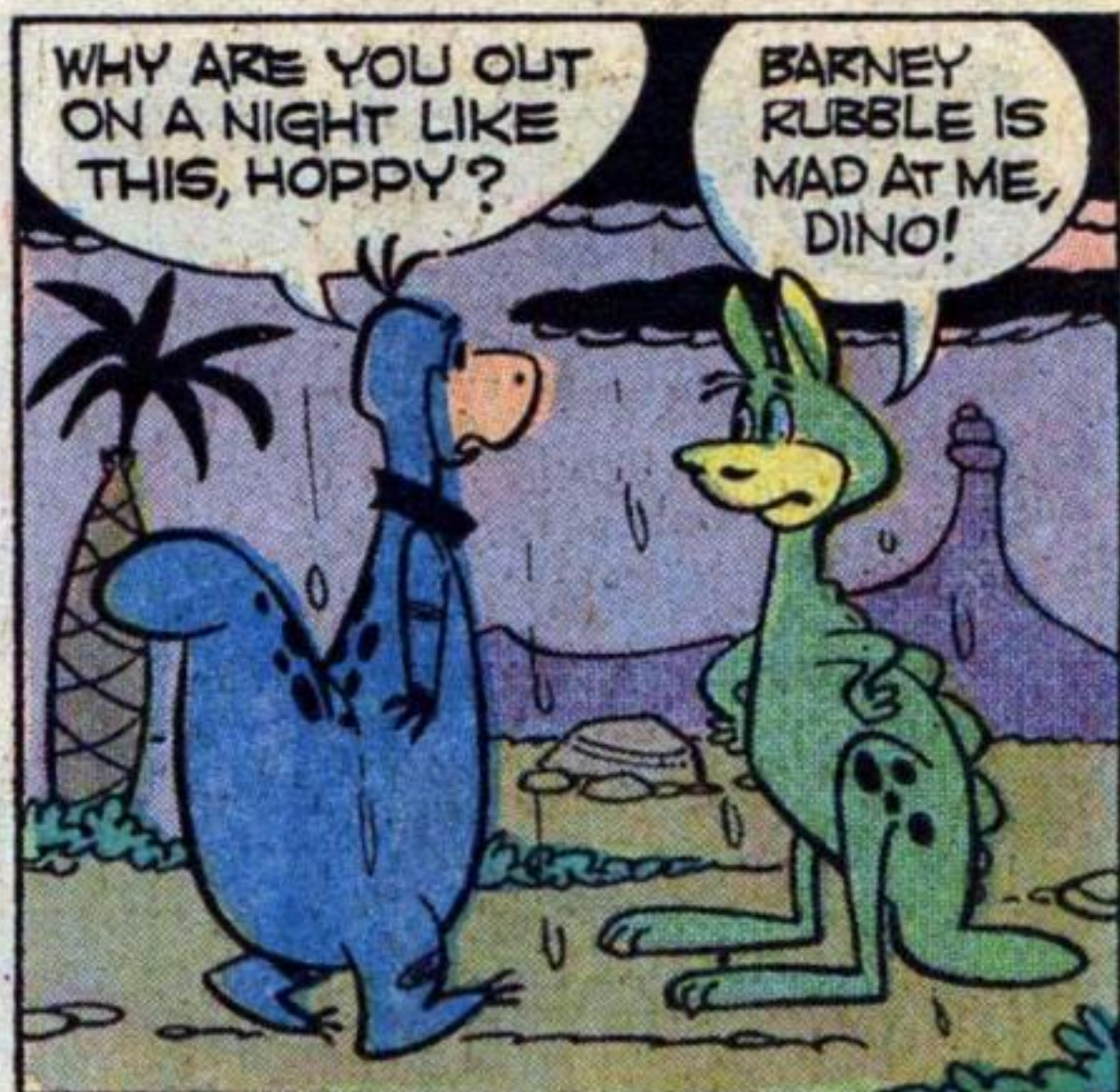
THE REFRIGERATOR IS EMPTY!

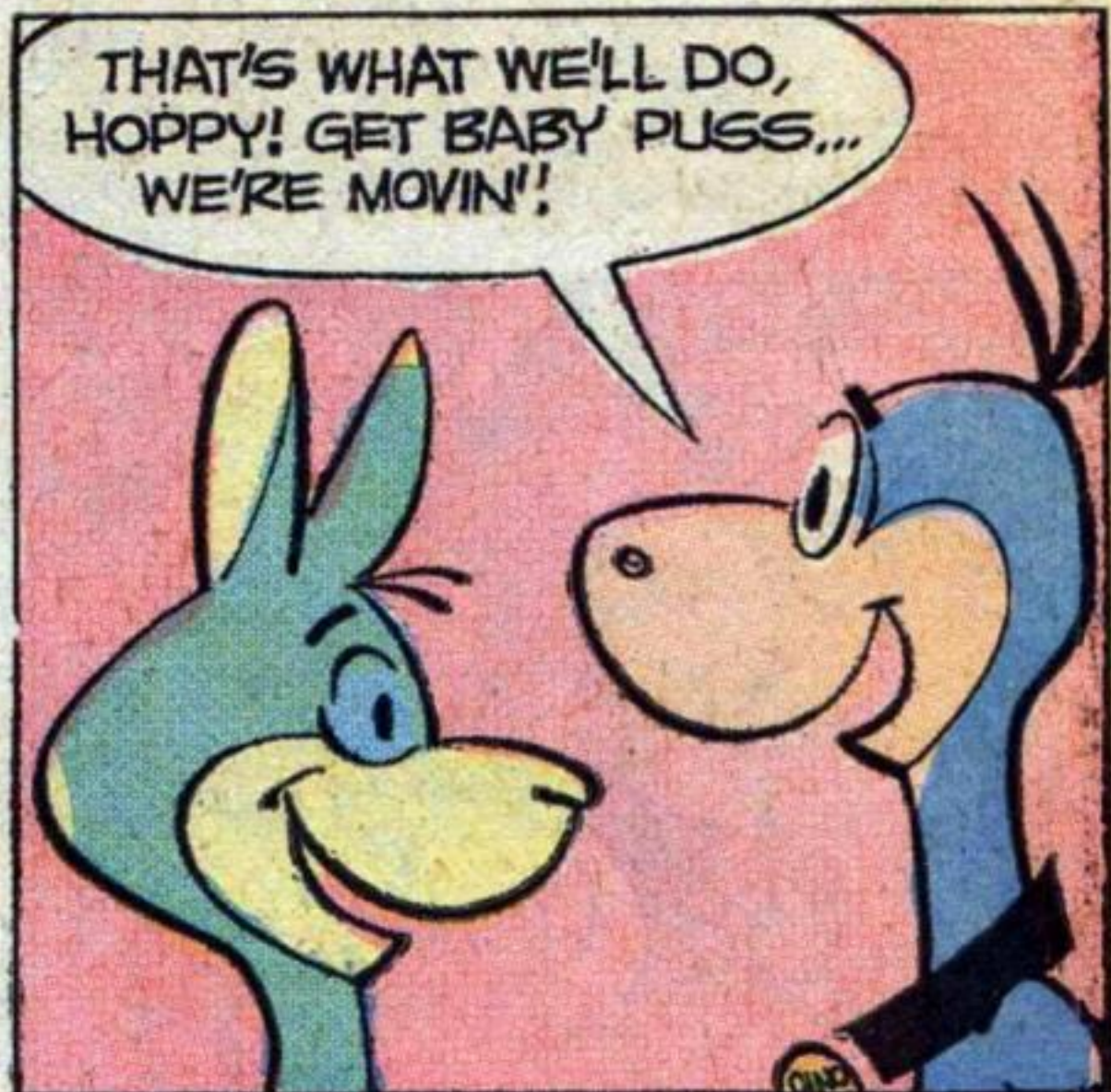
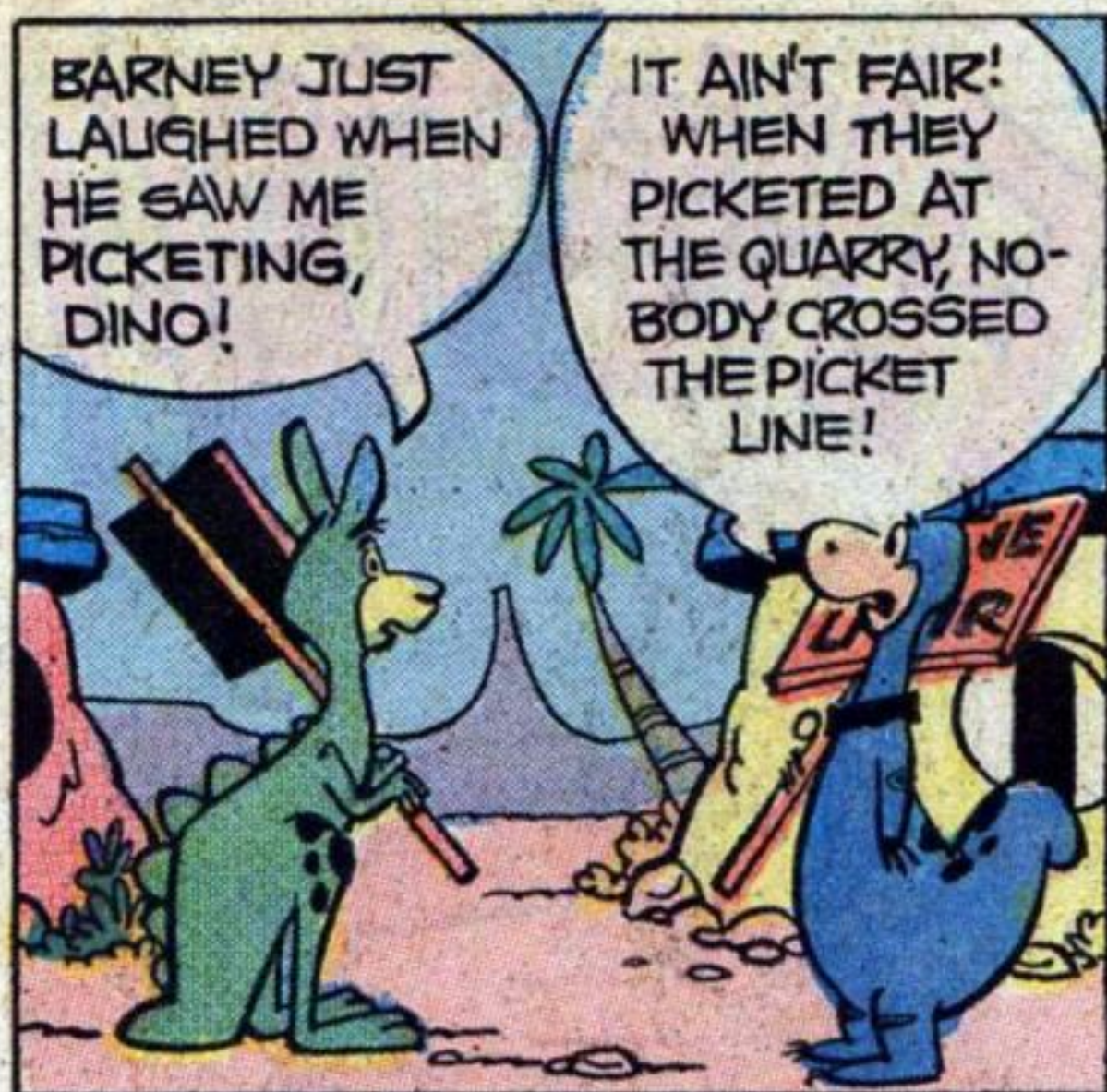
THAT SLOB, DINO, ATE IT ALL!

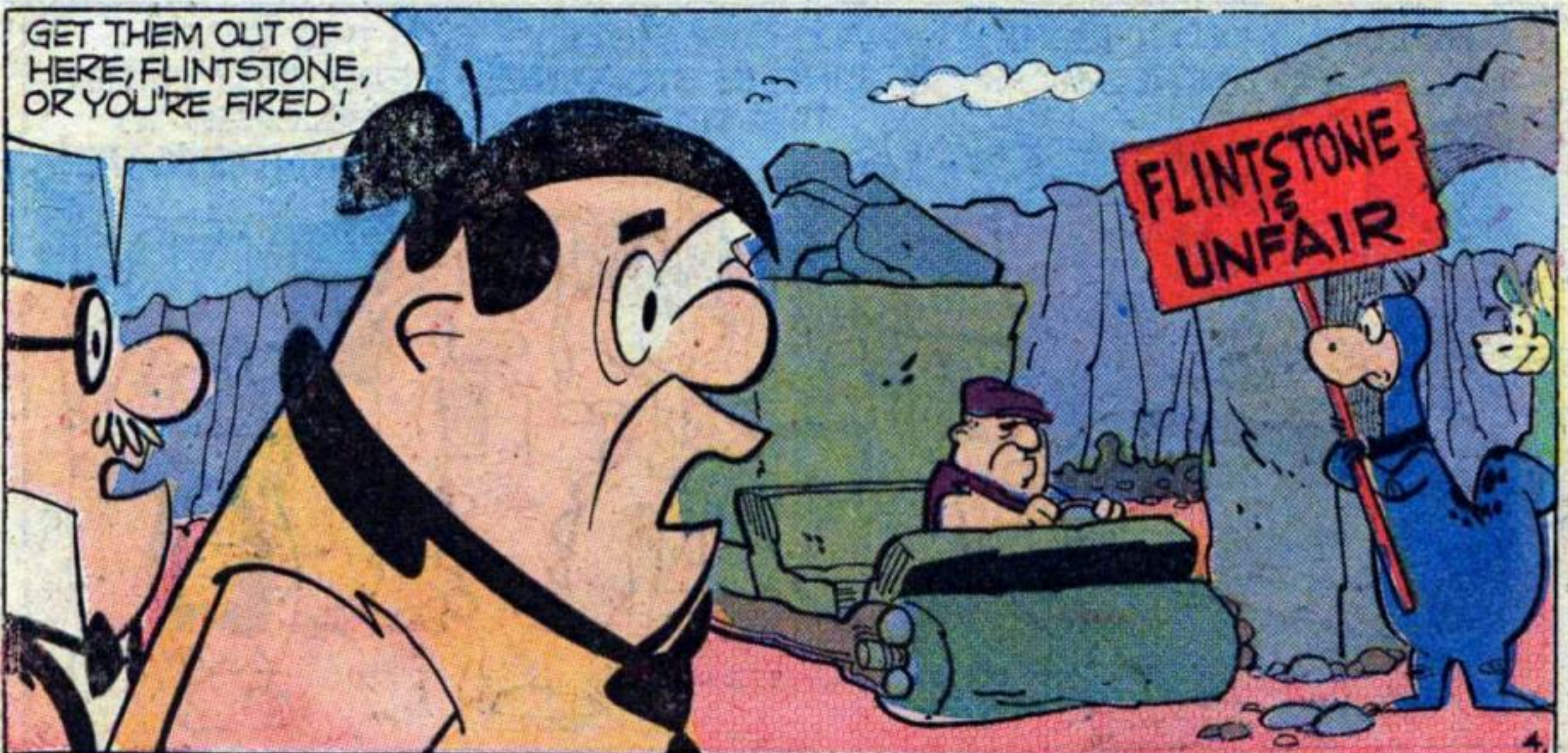
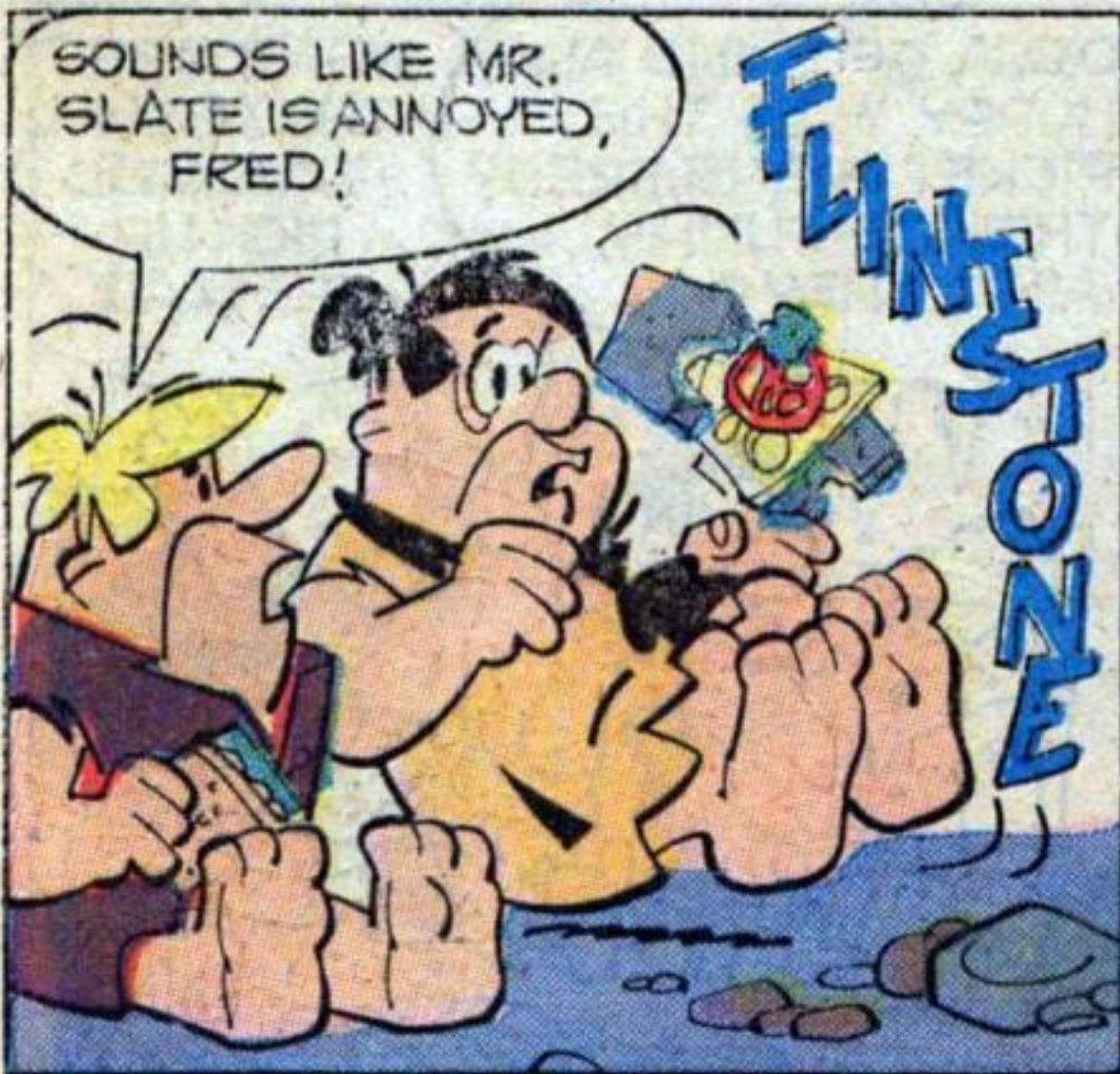
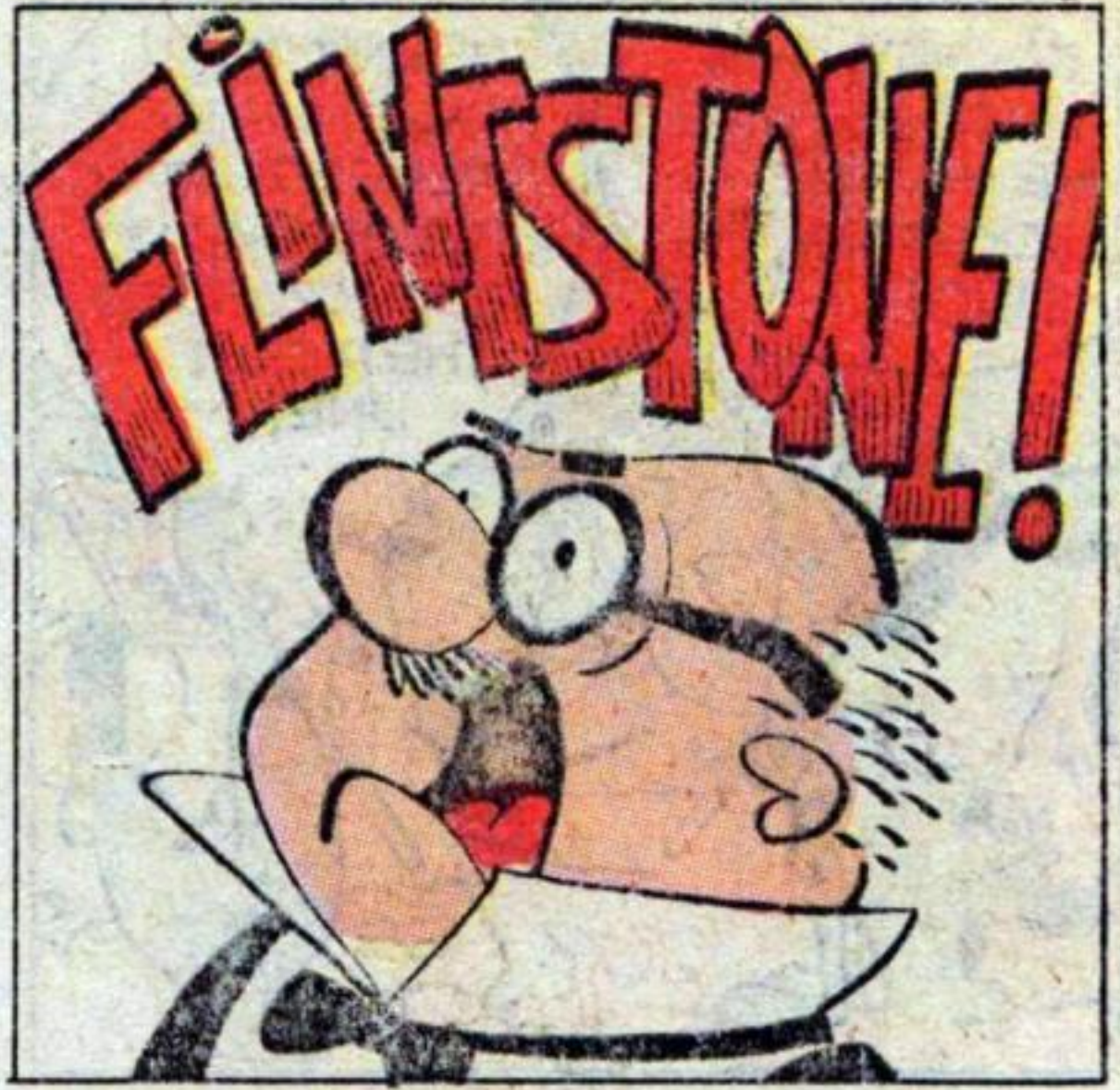
I GOTTA TEACH THAT DINOSAUR! NOT TO MAKE A PIGOSAURUS OUT OF HIMSELF!

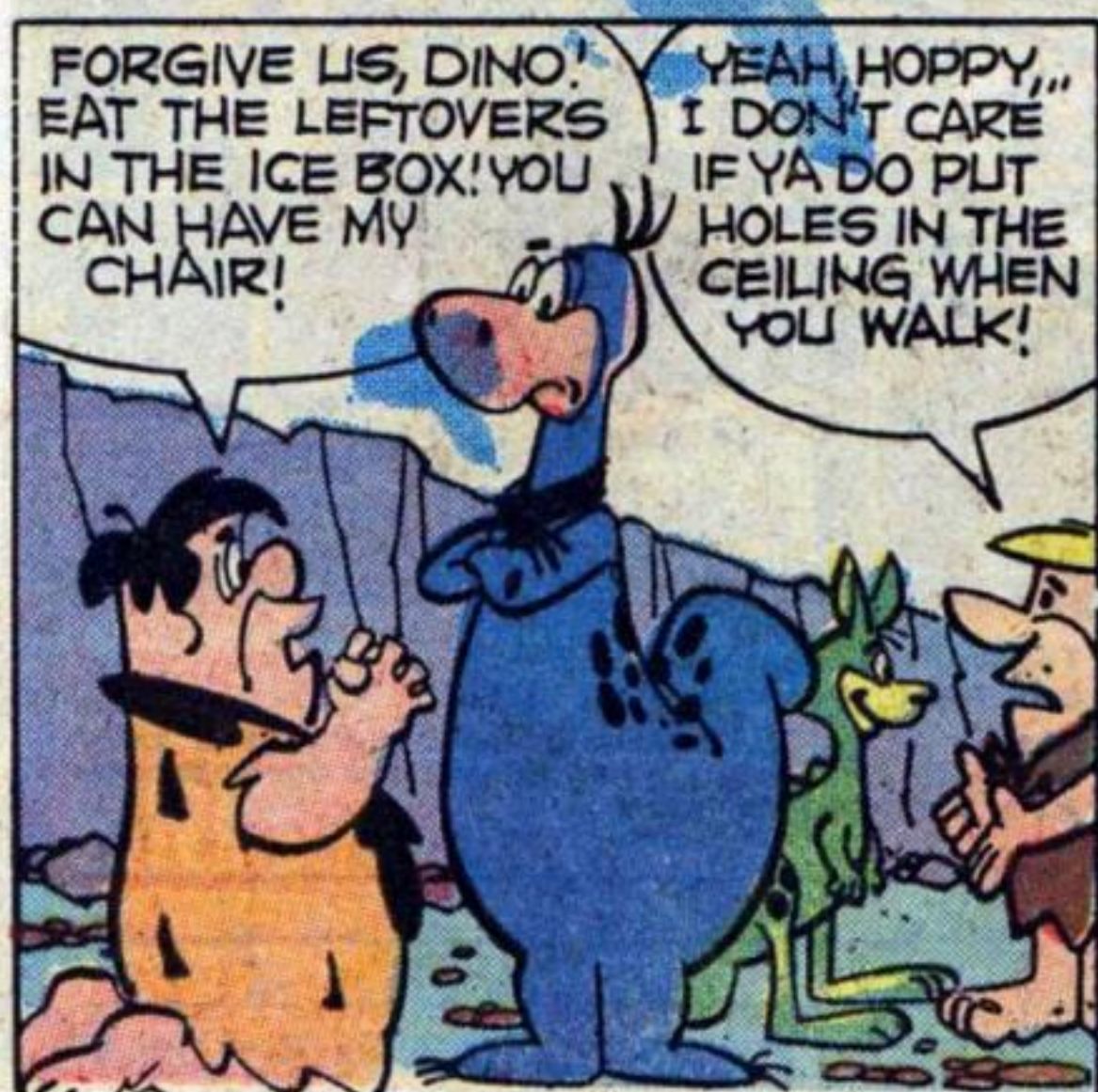
HE'S IN MY CHAIR!

OUT! AND DON'T COME BACK!

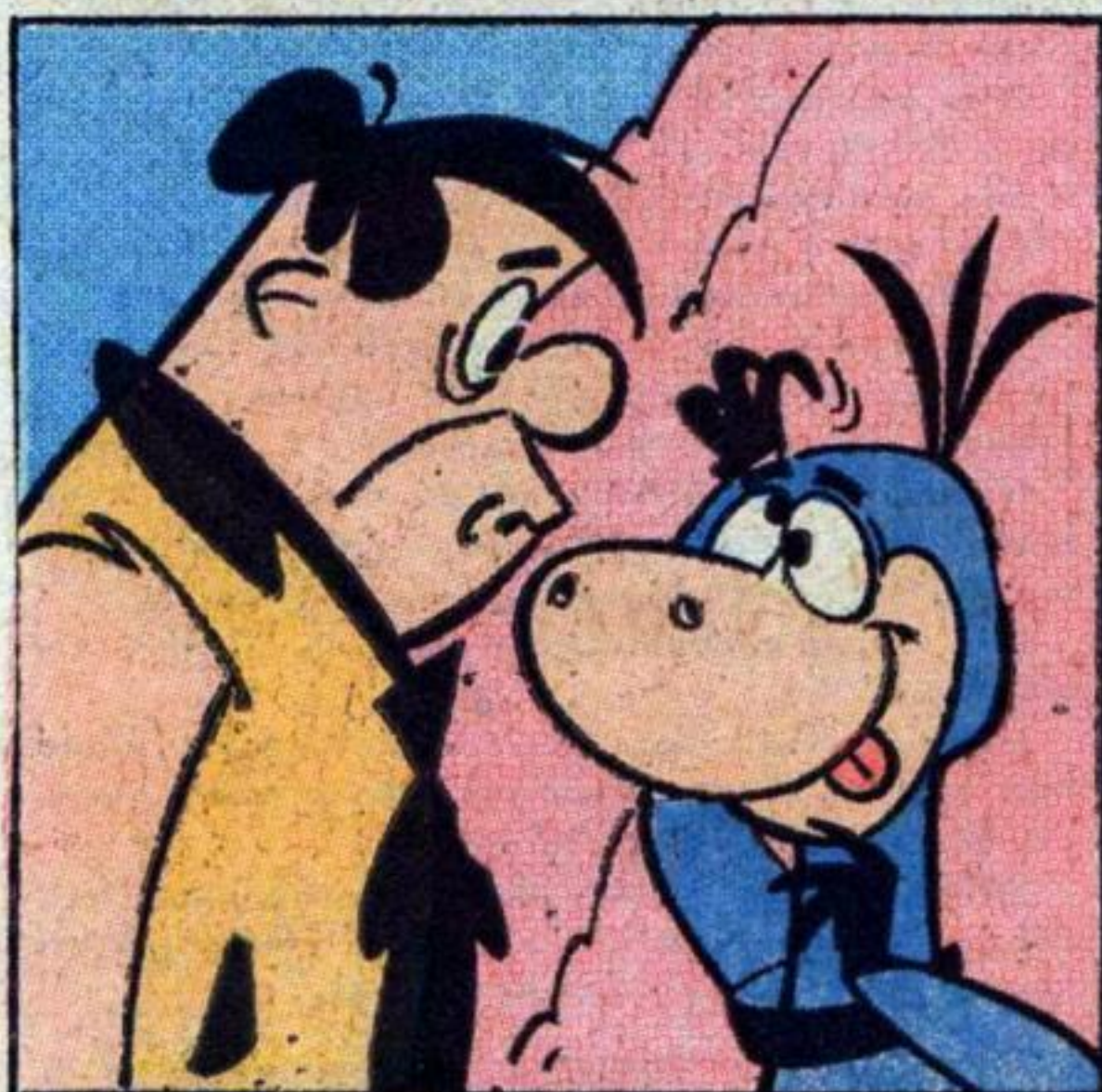








DINO *in* "UNQUALIFIED"



TRUTHFUL TONGUE

Dino and Baby Puss were horsing around in the front yard when suddenly Dino froze. His head snapped up, his nostrils flared, and the most delicious scent known to man or beast was detected.

"Pie!" he exclaimed but the way Dino said it, it sounded more like "pifkul". Anyhow, he followed the scent as it wafted across rocks and through thorny brambles, unmindful of the sharp rocks and sharper thorns. At the end of that fragrant trail, there was something great!

He came out of the brambles and looked at the Flintstone house. Sure enough, the delicious smell came from Wilma's kitchen. Dino backed into the bushes again collecting a few more thorns, but he ignored the pain. More important things than thorns were about to happen.

Sure enough. After fifteen agonizing, drooling minutes, Wilma appeared at the window and placed a big, deep pie on the window sill. This was what Dino had detected across the fields. Now, Dino crouched low, cunningly concealed in his painful hiding place. He'd wait until Wilma relaxed her vigilance. He knew from past experience that Mrs. Flintstone was a tough customer to put anything over on.

Then, it came, the opportunity he'd been waiting for. In the Flintstone house, the telephone rang. Dino waited till the ringing stopped, and he was certain Wilma was talking on the phone which was in the living room. Dino eased out of the brambles, still cautious, then crept toward that irresistible pie waiting on the window.

He was closer. Now, he peeked in the window, slowly rising above the sill. The pie was so close, but Dino didn't grab it and run. He wanted this to be the perfect crime! So, he peeked first, then when he didn't see Wilma, stood up, humming nonchalantly and had a good look. Wilma's voice could be heard from the other room!

Without further delay, Dino grabbed the hot pie, burning his paws slightly, but he didn't care. He fled to a hiding place in the woods and put it down, drooling as he stared at it. He'd have to wait awhile for it to cool, but the wait would make it taste better in the end!

Finally, after thirty of the longest minutes he'd ever spent, the pie was cool enough. Dino started in like a greedy kid in a pie-eating contest. He tried to take little nibbles to get the most enjoyment from it but in no time at all, the pie was eaten up!

Dino went back to the house. He put the pie plate back by the kitchen door, then went to his water bucket and splashed water on his face and paws. Satisfied there were no clues as to his guilt, he went out to the front yard and dozed.

Wilma talked for an hour, then went out to the

kitchen. Fred was home by this time, and Wilma studied him as they talked about the day and what they'd have for supper. Wilma decided that Fred was up to something or had a guilty conscience.

In fact, Fred and Barney had planned to sneak out to a poker game at the lodge that night and Fred could never hide anything from Wilma. She was innocently talking to Fred, picking up clues, when she went to the sink and her eyes lifted to the window sill!

The pie was gone! Now, Wilma knew why Fred looked guilty!

"Fred Flintstone, you greedy hogosaurus, you ate the pie I baked for dessert!" Wilma said accusingly.

Fred looked amazed and outraged. "Pie? What pie? I never seen no pie!"

Wilma ran to the back door and looked out. The first thing she saw was the empty pie tin she'd baked the pie in. Then she noticed Pebbles and Bamm-Bamm playing in the yard. They looked so innocent?

But someone had eaten that pie. She went around the house and found Dino dozing in the yard. It hadn't been him, she thought. He looked innocent too. Wilma thought about it awhile. She had a problem.

Then, she had an idea. She let out a yell.

"Everybody out!" she called. "Fred, come out here. Pebbles and Bamm-Bamm, you come too. Dino, wake up. Baby Puss, over here in line!"

In a minute, the suspects were lined up. Wilma glared at them and each one squirmed, certain she knew of some past misdeed. Guilty consciences makes cowards of us all!

"I'm going to pass down the line!" Wilma snapped. "When I come to each of you, put out your tongue!"

She started with Fred. "Don't forget, if you've fibbed to me, I'll be able to see the lie on your tongue!"

Can she really do that? Fred wondered.

Dino stifled a chuckle. That was nonsense! How could Wilma see a lie on anyone's tongue.

She went down the line, inspecting each tongue as she came to it. Dino stuck his tongue out confidently, then Wilma backed up and addressed the group.

"I've found the thief who stole my pie!" she snapped. "Now, if the pie thief will take one step forward and confess, I'll be lenient!"

No one moved. Wilma went around them, took the broom from where it leaned against the house, walked back and swung mightily!

Dino leaped a foot and yelped in pain. "Gorfull!" he shouted.

Fred watched Wilma chase Dino to his house and told him he'd get no supper. "Fred was curious. 'How'd you know Dino did it?'"

Wilma smiled. "It was a blueberry pie and Dino had the only blue tongue in the crowd!" Fred shook his head. Wilma always had the answers.